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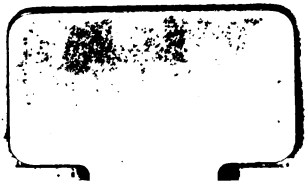

Frontispiece.

Pray direct me the nearest way to the next Monastery —

page 9

THE

OLD ENGLISH BARON:

A

GOTHIC STORY.

EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS, FROM NEW DESIGNS.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, POULTRY.

1802.

PRICE 5s. 6d. BOARDS.

G. Woodfall, Printer,
Paternoster-row.

TO

MRS. BRIDGEN.

MADAM,

THIS new Edition of the Engliſh Baron begs permiſſion to acknowledge your patronage and protection, of which it has long ſince felt the advantages.

You caſt an eye of favour upon his firſt appearance, under all the diſadvantages of an incorrect and very faulty impreſſion; You took him out of this degrading dreſs, and encouraged him to aſſume a graceful and ornamental habit.

You did ſtill more for him—You took upon yourſelf the trouble to reviſe and correct the errors of the firſt impreſſion; and, in ſhort, you gave

him all the graces neceſſary to ſolicit and obtain the notice and approbation of the Public.

The Author cannot fully enjoy her ſucceſs, without acknowledging from whence ſhe in a great meaſure derives it.

You, Madam, as becomes the daughter of Richardſon, are more ſolicitous to deſerve the acknowledgments of a grateful heart, than to receive them.—You have no reaſon to ſuſpect me of flattery, but of vanity, you may, in wiſhing to mention your name thus publicly as the patroneſs and friend of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged humbled Servant,

CLARA REEVE.

Sept. 1, 1780.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

AS this Story is of a ſpecies which, though not new, is out of the common track, is has been thought neceſſary to point out ſome circumſtances to the Reader, which will elucidate the deſign, and, it is hoped, will induce him to form a favourable, as well as a right judgment of the work before him.

This Story is the literary offspring of the Caſtle of Otranto written upon the ſame plan, with a deſign to unite the moſt attractive and intereſting circumſtances of the ancient Romance and modern Novel, at the ſame time it aſſumes a character and manner of its own, that differs from both; it is diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of a Gothic Story, being a picture of Gothic times and manners. Fictitious Stories

have been the delight of all times and all countries, by oral tradition in barbarous, by writing in more civilized ones; and although ſome perſons of wit and learning have condemned them indiſcriminately, I would venture to affirm, that even thoſe who ſo much affect to deſpiſe them under one form, will receive and embrace them under another.

Thus, for inſtance, a man ſhall admire and almoſt adore the Epic poems of the Ancients, and yet deſpiſe and execrate the ancient Romances, which are only Epics in proſe.

Hiſtory repreſents human nature as it is in real life!—alas, too often a melancholy retroſpect!—Romance diſplays only the amiable ſide of the picture: it ſhews the pleaſing features, and throws a veil over the blemiſhes:

Mankind

Mankind are naturally pleaſed with what gratifies their vanity; and vanity, like all other paſſions of the human heart, may be rendered ſubſervient to good and uſeful purpoſes.

I confeſs that it may be abuſed, and become an inſtrument to corrupt the manners and morals of mankind; ſo may poetry, ſo may plays, ſo may every kind of compoſition: but that will prove nothing more than the old ſaying lately revived by the philoſophers the moſt in faſhion, "that every earthly "thing has two handles."

The buſineſs of Romance is, firſt, to excite the attention; and ſecondly, to direct it to ſome uſeful, or at leaſt innocent, end: Happy the writer who attains both theſe points, like Richardſon! and not unfortunate, or undeſerving praiſe, he who gains only the

latter, and furniſhes out an entertainment for the reader!

Having, in ſome degree, opened my deſign, I beg leave to conduct my reader back again, till he comes within view of the Caſtle of Otranto; a work which, as already has been obſerved, is an attempt to unite the various merits and graces of the ancient Romance and modern Novel. To attain this end, there is required a ſufficient degree of the marvellous, to excite the attention; enough of the manners of real life, to give an air of probability to the work; and enough of the pathetic, to engage the heart in its behalf.

The book we have mentioned is excellent in the two laſt points, but has a redundancy in the firſt; the opening excites the attention very ſtrongly; the

the conduct of the ſtory is artful and judicious; the characters are admirably drawn and ſupported; the diction poliſhed and elegant; yet, with all theſe brilliant advantages, it palls upon the mind (though it does not upon the ear); and the reaſon is obvious, the machinery is ſo violent, that it deſtroys the effect it is intended to excite. Had the ſtory been kept within the utmoſt *verge* of probability, the effect had been preſerved, without loſing the leaſt circumſtance that excites or detains the attention.

For inſtance; we can conceive, and allow of, the appearance of a ghoſt; we can even diſpenſe with an enchanted ſword and helmet; but then they muſt keep within certain limits of credibility; A ſword ſo large as to require an hundred men to lift it: a helmet that by its own weight forces a paſſage

through a court-yard, into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; a picture that walks out of its frame; a ſkeleton ghoſt in a hermit's cowl:—When your expectation is wound up to the higheſt pitch, theſe circumſtances take it down with a witneſs, deſtroy the work of imagination, and, inſtead of attention, excite laughter. I was both ſurpriſed and vexed to find the enchantment diſſolved, which I wiſhed might continue to the end of the book; and ſeveral of its readers have confeſſed the ſame diſappointment to me: The beauties are ſo numerous, that we cannot bear the defects, but want it to be perfect in all reſpects.

In the courſe of my obſervations upon this ſingular book, it ſeemed to me that it was poſſible to compoſe a work upon the ſame plan, wherein theſe

theſe defects might be avoided; and the *keeping*, as in *painting*, might be preſerved.

But then I began to fear it might happen to me as to certain tranſlators, and imitators of Shakeſpeare; the unities may be preſerved, while the ſpirit is evaporated. However, I ventured to attempt it; I read the beginning to a circle of friends of approved judgment, and by their approbation was encouraged to proceed, and to finiſh it.

THE

OLD ENGLISH BARON:

A

GOTHIC STORY.

IN the minority of Henry the Sixth, King of England, when the renowned John, Duke of Bedford, was Regent of France, and Humphry, the good Duke of Glouceſter, was Protector of England, a worthy Knight, called Sir Philip Harclay, returned from his travels to England, his native country. He had ſerved under the glorious King Henry the Fifth with diſtinguiſhed valour, had acquired an honourable fame, and was no leſs eſteemed for Chriſtian virtues than for deeds of chivalry. After the death of his Prince, he entered into the ſervice of the Greek emperor, and diſtinguiſhed his courage againſt the encroachments

ments of the Saracens. In a battle there, he took priſoner a certain gentleman, by name M. Zadiſky, of Greek extraction, but brought up by a Saracen officer; this man he converted to the Chriſtian faith; after which he bound him to himſelf by the ties of friendſhip and gratitude, and he reſolved to continue with his Benefactor. After thirty years travel and warlike ſervice, he determined to return to his native land, and to ſpend the remainder of his life in peace; and, by devoting himſelf to works of piety and charity, prepare for a better ſtate hereafter.

This noble Knight had, in his early youth, contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with the only ſon of the Lord Lovel; a gentleman of eminent virtues and accompliſhments. During Sir Philip's reſidence in foreign countries, he had frequently written to his friend, and had for a time received anſwers; the laſt informed him of the death of old Lord Lovel, and the marriage of the young one; but from that time he had heard no more from him. Sir Philip imputed it not to neglect or forgetfulneſs, but to the difficulties of intercourſe, common at that time to all travellers and adventurers.

adventurers. When he was returning home, he reſolved, after looking into his family affairs, to viſit the caſtle of Lovel, and inquire into the ſituation of his friend. He landed in Kent, attended by his Greek friend, and two faithful ſervants, one of which was maimed by the wounds he had received in the defence of his maſter.

Sir Philip went to his family-ſeat in Yorkſhire; he found his mother and ſiſter were dead, and his eſtates ſequeſtered in the hands of Commiſſioners appointed by the Protector. He was obliged to prove the reality of his claim, and the identity of his perſon (by the teſtimony of ſome of the old ſervants of his family) after which every thing was reſtored to him. He took poſſeſſion of his own houſe, eſtabliſhed his houſhold, ſettled the old ſervants in their former ſtations, and placed thoſe he brought home in the upper offices of his family. He then left his friend to ſuperintend his domeſtic affairs; and, attended by only one of his old ſervants, he ſet out for the caſtle of Lovel, in the weſt of England. They travelled by eaſy journeys; but, towards the evening of the ſecond day, the ſervant

vant was ſo ill and fatigued he could go no further; he ſtopped at an inn where he grew worſe every hour, and the next day expired. Sir Philip was under great concern for the loſs of his ſervant, and ſome for himſelf, being alone in a ſtrange place; however, he took courage, ordered his ſervant's funeral, attended it himſelf, and, having ſhed a tear of humanity over his grave, proceeded alone on his journey.

As he drew near the eſtate of his friend, he began to enquire of every one he met, whether the Lord Lovel reſided at the ſeat of his anceſtors? He was anſwered by one, he did not know;—by another, he could not tell;—by a third, that he never heard of ſuch a perſon. Sir Philip thought it ſtrange that a man of Lord Lovel's conſequence ſhould be unknown in his own neighbourhood, and where his anceſtors had uſually reſided. He ruminated on the uncertainty of human happineſs: "This world, ſaid he, has nothing for a wiſe man to depend upon. I have loſt all my relations, and moſt of my friends; and am even uncertain whether any are remaining: I will, however, be thankful for the bleſſings

bleſſings that are ſpared to me; and I will endeavour to replace thoſe that I have loſt. If my friend lives, he ſhall ſhare my fortune with me; his children ſhall have the reverſion of it; and I will ſhare his comforts in return. But perhaps my friend may have met with troubles that have made him diſguſted with the world: Perhaps he has buried his amiable wife, or his promiſing children; and, tired of public life, he has retired into a monaſtery. At leaſt, I will know what all this ſilence means."

When he came within a mile of the caſtle of Lovel, he ſtopped at a cottage, and aſked for a draught of water: A peaſant, maſter of the houſe, brought it, and aſked if his Honour would alight, and take a moment's refreſhment. Sir Philip accepted his offer, being reſolved to make farther inquiry before he approached the Caſtle. He aſked the ſame queſtions of him that he had before of others. —Which Lord Lovel, ſaid the man, does your Honour enquire after?——The man whom I knew was called Arthur, ſaid Sir Philip.—Ay, ſaid the Peaſant, he was the only ſurviving ſon of Richard, Lord Lovel, as I think,

I think.—Very true, friend, he was ſo.—Alas, Sir, ſaid the man, he is dead! he ſurvived his father but a ſhort time. Dead! ſay you? how long ſince?—About fifteen years, to the beſt of my remembrance.—Sir Philip ſighed deeply—Alas, ſaid he, what do we, by living long, but ſurvive all our friends! But pray tell me how he died?—I will, Sir, to the beſt of my knowledge. An't pleaſe your Honour, I heard ſay, that he attended the King when he went againſt the Welſh Rebels, and he left his Lady big with child; and ſo there was a battle fought, and the King got the better of the Rebels: There came firſt a report that none of the Officers were killed; but a few days after there came a meſſenger with an account very different, that ſeveral were wounded, and that the Lord Lovel was ſlain; which ſad news overſet us all with ſorrow, for he was a noble gentleman, a bountiful maſter, and the delight of all the neighbourhood.—He was indeed, ſaid Sir Philip, all that is amiable and good; he was my dear and noble friend, and I am inconſolable for his loſs: But the unfortunate Lady, what became of her?—Why, an't

pleaſe

pleaſe your Honour, they ſaid ſhe died of grief for the loſs of her huſband; but her death was kept private for a time, and we did not know it for certain till ſome weeks afterwards.—The will of Heaven be obeyed! ſaid Sir Philip; but who ſucceeded to the title and eſtate? The next heir, ſaid the Peaſant, a kinſman of the deceaſed, Sir Walter Lovel by name.—I have ſeen him, ſaid Sir Philip, formerly; but where was he when theſe events happened?—At the Caſtle of Lovel, Sir; he came there on a viſit to the Lady, and waited there to receive my Lord, at his return from Wales. When the news of his death arrived, Sir Walter did every thing in his power to comfort her, and ſome ſaid he was to marry her; but ſhe refuſed to be comforted, and took it ſo to heart that ſhe died.—And does the preſent Lord Lovel reſide at the Caſtle? —No, Sir.—Who then?—The Lord Baron Fitz-Owen.—And how came Sir Walter to leave the ſeat of his anceſtors?—Why, Sir, he married his ſiſter to this ſaid Lord; and ſo he ſold the Caſtle to him, and went away, and built himſelf a houſe in the north country, as far as Northumberland, I think they call it.

—That

—That is very ſtrange, ſaid Sir Philip.—So it is, pleaſe your Honour; but this is all I know about it.—I thank you, friend, for your intelligence; I have taken a long journey to no purpoſe, and have met with nothing but croſs accidents. This life is, indeed, a pilgrimage! Pray direct me the neareſt way to the next Monaſtery.—Noble Sir, ſaid the Peaſant, it is full five miles off, the night is coming on, and the ways are bad; I am but a poor man, and cannot entertain your Honour as you are uſed to; but if you will enter my poor cottage, that, and every thing in it, are at your ſervice. My honeſt friend, I thank you heartily, ſaid Sir Philip; your kindneſs and hoſpitality might ſhame many of higher birth and breeding; I will accept your kind offer: But pray let me know the name of my hoſt?—John Wyatt, Sir; an honeſt man though a poor one, and a Chriſtian man though a ſinful one.—Whoſe cottage is this?—It belongs to the Lord Fitz-Owen.—What family have you?—A wife, two ſons and a daughter, who will all be proud to wait upon your Honour; let me hold your Honour's ſtirrup whilſt you alight. He ſeconded

theſe

theſe words by the proper action, and having aſſiſted his gueſt to diſmount, he conducted him into his houſe, called his wife to attend him, and then led his horſe under a poor ſhed, that ſerved him as a ſtable. Sir Philip was fatigued in body and mind, and was glad to repoſe himſelf any where. The courteſy of his hoſt engaged his attention, and ſatisfied his wiſhes. He ſoon after returned, followed by a youth of about eighteen years:—Make haſte, John, ſaid the father, and be ſure you ſay neither more nor leſs than what I have told you. I will, father, ſaid the lad; and immediately ſet off, ran like a buck acroſs the fields, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.—I hope, friend, ſaid Sir Philip, you have not ſent your ſon to provide for my entertainment; I am a ſoldier, uſed to lodge and fare hard; and, if it were otherwiſe, your courteſy and kindneſs would give a reliſh to the moſt ordinary food.—I wiſh heartily, ſaid Wyatt, it was in my power to entertain your Honour as you ought to be; but, as I cannot do ſo, I will, when my ſon returns, acquaint you with the errand I ſent him on. After this they converſed together on common ſubjects, like fellow-

fellow-creatures of the ſame natural form and endowments, though different kinds of education had given a conſcious ſuperiority to the one, a conſcious inferiority to the other; and the due reſpect was paid by the latter, without being exacted by the former. In about half an hour young John returned.—Thou haſt made haſte, ſaid the father.—Not more than good ſpeed, quoth the ſon.—Tell us, then, how you ſpeed?—Shall I tell all that paſſed? ſaid John.—All, ſaid the father; I don't want to hide any thing. John ſtood with his cap in his hand, and thus told his tale.—I went ſtraight to the Caſtle as faſt as I could run; it was my hap to light on young maſter Edmund firſt, ſo I told him juſt as you bade me, that a noble Gentleman was come a long journey from foreign parts to ſee the Lord Lovel, his friend; and having lived abroad many years, he did not know that he was dead, and that the Caſtle was fallen into other hands; that upon hearing theſe tidings he was much grieved and diſappointed, and wanting a night's lodging, to reſt himſelf before he returned to his own home, he was fain to take up with one at

our

our cottage; that my father thought my Lord would be angry with him, if he were not told of the ſtranger's journey and intentions, eſpecially to let ſuch a man lie at our cottage, where he could neither be lodged nor entertained according to his quality. Here John ſtopped, and his father exclaimed —A good lad! you did your errand very well; and tell us the anſwer. John proceeded— Maſter Edmund ordered me ſome beer, and went to acquaint my Lord of the meſſage; he ſtayed a while, and then came back to me. —John, ſaid he, tell the noble ſtranger, that the Baron Fitz-Owen greets him well, and deſires him to reſt aſſured, that though Lord Lovel is dead, and the Caſtle fallen into other hands, his friends will always find a welcome there; and my Lord deſires that he will accept of a lodging there, while he remains in this country—ſo I came away directly, and made haſte to deliver my errand.

Sir Philip expreſſed ſome diſſatisfaction at this mark of old Wyatt's reſpect—I wiſh, ſaid he, that you had acquainted me with your intention before you ſent to inform the Baron I was here. I chooſe rather to lodge with you;

you; and I propoſe to make amends for the trouble I ſhall give you.—Pray, Sir, don't mention it, ſaid the Peaſant, you are as welcome as myſelf; I hope no offence; the only reaſon of my ſending was, becauſe I am both unable and unworthy to entertain your Honour.—I am ſorry, ſaid Sir Philip, you ſhould think me ſo dainty; I am a Chriſtian ſoldier; and him I acknowledge for my Prince and Maſter, accepted the invitations of the poor, and waſhed the feet of his diſciples. Let us ſay no more on this head; I am reſolved to ſtay this night in your cottage, to-morrow I will wait on the Baron, and thank him for his hoſpitable invitation. —That ſhall be as your Honour pleaſes, ſince you will condeſcend to ſtay here. John, do you run back and acquaint my Lord of it. —Not ſo, ſaid Sir Philip; it is now almoſt dark.—'Tis no matter, ſaid John, I can go it blindfold. Sir Philip then gave him a meſſage to the Baron in his own name, acquainting him that he would pay his reſpects to him in the morning. John flew back the ſecond time, and ſoon returned with new commendations from the Baron, and that he would

would expect him on the morrow. Sir Philip gave him an angel of gold, and praiſed his ſpeed and abilities.

He ſupped with Wyatt and his family upon new-laid eggs and raſhers of bacon, with the higheſt reliſh. They praiſed the Creator for his gifts, and acknowledged they were unworthy of the leaſt of his bleſſings. They gave the beſt of their two lofts up to Sir Philip, the reſt of the family ſlept in the other, the old woman and her daughter in the bed, the father and his two ſons upon clean ſtraw. Sir Philip's bed was of a better kind, and yet much inferior to his uſual accommodations; nevertheleſs the good Knight ſlept as well in Wyatt's cottage, as he could have done in a palace.

During his ſleep, many ſtrange and incoherent dreams aroſe to his imagination. He thought he received a meſſage from his friend Lord Lovel, to come to him at the Caſtle; that he ſtood at the gate and received him; that he ſtrove to embrace him, but could not; but that he ſpoke to this effect:—Though I have been dead theſe fifteen years, I ſtill command here, and none can enter theſe gates

without my permiſſion; know that it is I that invite, and bid you welcome; the hopes of my houſe reſt upon you.—Upon this he bid Sir Philip follow him; he led him through many rooms, till at laſt he ſunk down, and Sir Philip thought he ſtill followed him, till he came into a dark and frightful cave, where he diſappeared, and in his ſtead he beheld a complete ſuit of armour ſtained with blood, which belonged to his friend, and he thought he heard diſmal groans from beneath. Preſently after, he thought he was hurried away by an inviſible hand, and led into a wild heath, where the people were encloſing the ground, and making preparations for two combatants; the trumpet ſounded, and a voice called out ſtill louder,—forbear! It is not permitted to be revealed till the time is ripe for the event; wait with patience on the decrees of Heaven.—He was then tranſported to his own houſe, where, going into an unfrequented room, he was again met by his friend, who was living, and in all the bloom of youth, as when he firſt knew him; he ſtarted at the ſight, and awoke. The ſun ſhone upon his curtains, and, perceiving it

was

was day, he ſat up, and recollected where he was. The images that impreſſed his ſleeping fancy remained ſtrongly on his mind waking; but his reaſon ſtrove to diſperſe them; it was natural that the ſtory he had heard ſhould create theſe ideas, that they ſhould wait on him in his ſleep, and that every dream ſhould bear ſome relation to his deceaſed friend. The ſun dazzled his eyes, the birds ſerenaded him and diverted his attention, and a woodbine forced its way through the window, and regaled his ſenſe of ſmelling with its fragrance. He aroſe, paid his devotions to Heaven, and then carefully deſcended the narrow ſtairs, and went out at the door of the cottage. There he ſaw the induſtrious wife and daughter of old Wyatt at their morning work, the one milking her cow, the other feeding her poultry. He aſked for a draught of milk, which, with a ſlice of rye-bread, ſerved to break his faſt. He walked about the fields alone; for old Wyatt and his two ſons were gone out to their daily labour. He was ſoon called back by the good woman, who told him that a ſervant from the Baron waited to conduct him to the Caſtle. He took leave

of Wyatt's wife, telling her he would ſee her again before he left the country. The daughter fetched his horſe, which he mounted, and ſet forward with the ſervant, of whom he aſked many queſtions concerning his maſter's family.—How long have you lived with the Baron?—Ten years.—Is he a good maſter? Yes, Sir, and alſo a good huſband and father. —What family has he?—Three ſons and a daughter.—What age are they of?—The eldeſt ſon is in his ſeventeenth year, the ſecond in his ſixteenth, the others ſeveral years younger; but beſide theſe, my Lord has ſeveral young gentlemen brought up with his own ſons, two of which are his nephews; he keeps in his houſe a learned clerk to teach them languages; and as for all bodily exerciſes, none come near them; there is a fletcher to teach them the uſe of the croſs-bow; a maſter to teach them to ride; another the uſe of the ſword; another learns them to dance; and then they wreſtle and run, and have ſuch activity in all their motions, that it does one good to ſee them; and my Lord thinks nothing too much to beſtow on their education. —Truly, ſays Sir Philip, he does the part

of

of a good parent, and I honour him greatly for it; but are the young gentlemen of a promiſing diſpoſition?—Yes, indeed, Sir, anſwered the ſervant, the young gentlemen, my Lord's ſons, are hopeful youths; but yet there is one who is thought to exceed them all, though he is the ſon of a poor labourer.—And who is he? ſaid the Knight.—One Edmund Twyford, the ſon of a cottager in our village; he is to be ſure as fine a youth as ever the ſun ſhone upon, and of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that nobody envies his good fortune.—What good fortune does he enjoy?—Why, Sir, about two years ago, my Lord, at his ſons' requeſt, took him into his own family, and gives him the ſame education as his own children; the young Lords doat upon him, eſpecially Maſter William, who is about his own age: it is ſuppoſed that he will attend the young Lords when they go to the wars, which my Lord intends they ſhall bye and bye.—What you tell me, ſaid Sir Philip, increaſes every minute my reſpect for your Lord; he is an excellent father and maſter, he ſeeks out merit in obſcurity, he

diſtinguiſhes and rewards it: I honour him with all my heart.

In this manner they converſed together till they came within view of the caſtle. In a field near the houſe they ſaw a company of youths, with croſs-bows in their hands, ſhooting at a mark.—There, ſaid the ſervant, are our young gentlemen at their exerciſes. Sir Philip ſtopped his horſe to obſerve them, he heard two or three of them cry out—Edmund is the victor! He wins the prize! I muſt, ſaid Sir Philip, take a view of this Edmund—He jumped off his horſe, gave the bridle to the ſervant, and walked into the field. The young gentlemen came up, and paid their reſpects to him; he apologized for intruding upon their ſports, and aſked which was the victor? Upon which, the youth he ſpoke to beckoned to another, who immediately advanced, and made his obeiſance; as he drew near, Sir Philip fixed his eyes upon him, with ſo much attention, that he ſeemed not to obſerve his courteſy and addreſs. At length he recollected himſelf, and ſaid,—What is your name, young man? —Edmund Twyford, replied the youth; and I have the honour to attend upon the Lord Fitz-

Fits-Owen's ſons.—Pray, noble Sir, ſaid the youth who firſt addreſſed Sir Philip, are not you the ſtranger who is expected by my father?—I am, Sir, anſwered he, and I go to pay my reſpects to him.—Will you excuſe our attendance, Sir? we have not yet finiſhed our exerciſes.—My dear youth, ſaid Sir Philip, no apology is neceſſary; but will you favour me with your proper name, that I may know to whoſe courteſy I am obliged?—My name is William Fitz-Owen; that gentleman is my eldeſt brother, Maſter Robert; that other my kinſman, Maſter Richard Wenlock.—Very well; I thank you, gentle Sir; I beg you not to ſtir another ſtep, your ſervant holds my horſe.—Farewell, Sir, ſaid Maſter William; I hope we ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting you at dinner.—The youths returned to their ſports, and Sir Philip mounted his horſe and proceeded to the Caſtle; he entered it with a deep ſigh, and melancholy recollections. The Baron received him with the utmoſt reſpect and courteſy. He gave a brief account of the principal events that had happened in the family of Lovel during his abſence; he ſpoke of the late Lord

Lovel with reſpect, of the preſent with the affection of a brother. Sir Philip, in return, gave a brief recital of his own adventures abroad, and of the diſagreeable circumſtances he had met with ſince his return home; he pathetically lamented the loſs of all his friends, not forgetting that of his faithful ſervant on the way; ſaying he could be contented to give up the world, and retire to a religious houſe, but that he was with-held by the conſideration, that ſome who depended entirely upon him, would want his preſence and aſſiſtance; and, beſide that, he thought he might be of ſervice to many others. The Baron agreed with him in opinion, that a man was of much more ſervice to the world who continued in it, than one who retired from it, and gave his fortune to the Church, whoſe ſervants did not always make the beſt uſe of it. Sir Philip then turned the converſation, and congratulated the Baron on his hopeful family; he praiſed their perſons and addreſs, and warmly applauded the care he beſtowed on their education. The Baron liſtened with pleaſure to the honeſt approbation of a worthy heart,

heart, and enjoyed the true happineſs of a parent.

Sir Philip then made further enquiry concerning Edmund, whoſe appearance had ſtruck him with an impreſſion in his favour. That boy, ſaid the Baron, is the ſon of a cottager in this neighbourhood; his uncommon merit and gentleneſs of manners, diſtinguiſh him from thoſe of his own claſs; from his childhood he attracted the notice and affection of all that knew him; he was beloved every where but at his father's houſe, and there it ſhould ſeem that his merits were his crimes; for the Peaſant, his father, hated him, treated him ſeverely, and at length threatened to turn him out of doors; he uſed to run here and there on errands for my people, and at length they obliged me to take notice of him; my ſons earneſtly deſired I would take him into my family; I did ſo about two years ago, intending to make him their ſervant; but his extraordinary genius and diſpoſition have obliged me to look upon him in a ſuperior light: perhaps I may incur the cenſure of many people, by giving him ſo many advantages, and treating him as the companion of

my children; his merit muſt juſtify, or condemn, my partiality for him; however, I truſt that I have ſecured to my children a faithful ſervant of the upper kind, and an uſeful friend to my family. Sir Philip warmly applauded his generous hoſt, and wiſhed to be a ſharer in his bounty to that fine youth, whoſe appearance indicated all the qualities that had endeared him to his companions.

At the hour of dinner the young men preſented themſelves before their Lord, and his gueſt. Sir Philip addreſſed himſelf to Edmund; he aſked him many queſtions, and received modeſt and intelligent anſwers, and he grew every minute more pleaſed with him. After dinner the youths withdrew with their tutor to purſue their ſtudies. Sir Philip ſat for ſome time, wrapt up in meditation. After ſome minutes, the Baron aſked him, if he might not be favoured with the fruits of his contemplations?—You ſhall, my Lord, anſwered he, for you have a right to them. I was thinking, that when many bleſſings are loſt, we ſhould cheriſh thoſe that remain, and even endeavour to replace the others—My Lord,

Lord, I have taken a ſtrong liking to that youth whom you called Edmund Twyford: I have neither children nor relations to claim my fortune, nor ſhare my affections; your Lordſhip has many demands upon your generoſity: I can provide for this promiſing youth without doing injuſtice to any one; will you give him to me?—He is a fortunate boy, ſaid the Baron, to gain your favour ſo ſoon.—My Lord, ſaid the Knight, I will confeſs to you, that the firſt thing that touched my heart in his favour, is a ſtrong reſemblance he bears to a certain dear friend I once had, and his manner reſembles him as much as his perſon; his qualities deſerve that he ſhould be placed in a higher rank; I will adopt him for my ſon, and introduce him into the world as my relation, if you will reſign him to me: What ſay you?—Sir, ſaid the Baron, you have made a noble offer, and I am too much the young man's friend to be a hindrance to his preferment. It is true, that I intended to provide for him in my own family; but I cannot do it ſo effectually as by giving him to you, whoſe generous affection being unlimited by other ties, may in time prefer him to a

higher ſtation, as he ſhall deſerve it. I have only one condition to make; that the lad ſhall have his option; for I would not oblige him to leave my ſervice againſt his inclination.—You ſay well, replied Sir Philip; nor would I take him upon other terms.—Agreed then, ſaid the Baron; let us ſend for Edmund hither. A ſervant was ſent to fetch him; he came immediately, and his Lord thus beſpoke him:—Edmund, you owe eternal obligations to this gentleman, who, perceiving in you a certain reſemblance to a friend of his, and liking your behaviour, has taken a great affection for you, inſomuch that he deſires to receive you into his family: I cannot better provide for you than by diſpoſing of you to him; and, if you have no objection, you ſhall return home with him when he goes from hence. The countenance of Edmund underwent many alterations during this propoſal of his Lord; it expreſſed tenderneſs, gratitude, and ſorrow, but the laſt was predominant; he bowed reſpectfully to the Baron and Sir Philip, and after ſome heſitation, ſpoke as follows:—I feel very ſtrongly the obligations I owe to this gentleman, for his

his noble and generous offer; I cannot repress the sense I have of his goodness to me, a peasant boy, only known to him by my Lord's kind and partial mention: this unconstrained bounty claims my eternal gratitude. To you, my honoured Lord, I owe every thing, even this gentleman's good opinion; you distinguished me when nobody else did; and, next to you, your sons are my best and dearest benefactors, they introduced me to your notice. My heart is unalterably attached to this house and family, and my utmost ambition is to spend my life in your service: But if you have perceived any great and grievous faults in me, that make you wish to put me out of your family, and if you have recommended me to this gentleman in order to be rid of me, in that case I will submit to your pleasure, as I would if you should sentence me to death.

During this speech the tears made themselves channels down Edmund's cheeks; and his two noble auditors, catching the tender infection, wiped their eyes at the conclusion. —My dear child, said the Baron, you overcome me by your tenderness and gratitude! I know

I know of no faults you have committed, that I ſhould wiſh to be rid of you: I thought to do you the beſt ſervice by promoting you to that of Sir Philip Harclay, who is both able and willing to provide for you; but if you prefer my ſervice to his, I will not part with you. Upon this Edmund kneeled to the Baron; he embraced his knees—My dear Lord! I am, and will be your ſervant, in preference to any man living; I only aſk your permiſſion to live and die in your ſervice.—You ſee, Sir Philip, ſaid the Baron, how this boy engages the heart; how can I part with him?—I cannot aſk you any more, anſwered Sir Philip, I ſee it is impoſſible; but I eſteem you both ſtill higher than ever; the youth for his gratitude, and your Lordſhip for your noble mind and true generoſity; bleſſings attend you both!——Oh, Sir, ſaid Edmund, preſſing the hand of Sir Philip, do not think me ungrateful to you, I will ever remember your goodneſs, and pray to heaven to reward it; the name of Sir Philip Harclay ſhall be engraven upon my heart, next to my Lord and his family, for ever. Sir Philip raiſed the youth and embraced

embraced him, ſaying,—If ever you want a friend, remember me; and depend upon my protection, ſo long as you continue to deſerve it. Edmund bowed low, and withdrew, with his eyes full of tears of ſenſibility and gratitude. When he was gone, Sir Philip ſaid, I am thinking, that though young Edmund wants not my aſſiſtance at preſent, he may hereafter ſtand in need of my friendſhip. I ſhould not wonder if ſuch rare qualities as he poſſeſſes, ſhould one day create envy, and raiſe him enemies; in which caſe he might come to loſe your favour without any fault of yours or his own.—I am obliged to you for the warning, ſaid the Baron, I hope it will be unneceſſary; but if ever I part with Edmund, you ſhall have the refuſal of him. I thank your Lordſhip for all your civilities to me, ſaid the Knight; I leave my beſt wiſhes with you and your hopeful family, and I humbly take my leave.—Will you not ſtay one night in the Caſtle? returned my Lord; you ſhall be as welcome a gueſt as ever.—I acknowledge your goodneſs and hoſpitality, but this houſe fills me with melancholy recollections; I came hither with a heavy

heavy heart, and it will not be lighter while I remain here. I ſhall always remember your Lordſhip with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem; and I pray God to preſerve you, and increaſe your bleſſings!

After ſome further ceremonies, Sir Philip departed, and returned to old Wyatt's, ruminating on the viciſſitude of human affairs, and thinking on the changes he had ſeen.

At his return to Wyatt's cottage, he found the family aſſembled together. He told them he would take another night's lodging there, which they heard with great pleaſure; for he had familiarized himſelf to them in the laſt evening's converſation, inſomuch that they began to enjoy his company. He told Wyatt of the misfortune he had ſuſtained by loſing his ſervant on the way, and wiſhed he could get one to attend him home in his place. Young John looked earneſtly at his father, who returned a look of approbation. I perceive one in this company, ſaid he, that would be proud to ſerve your Honour; but I fear he is not brought up well enough. John coloured with impatience, he could not forbear ſpeaking.—Sir, I can anſwer for an honeſt

honeſt heart, a willing mind, and a light pair of heels; and though I am ſomewhat aukward, I ſhall be proud to learn to pleaſe my noble Maſter, if he will but try me. —You ſay well, ſaid Sir Philip, I have obſerved your qualifications, and if you are deſirous to ſerve me, I am equally pleaſed with you: if your father has no objection I will take you.—Objection, Sir! ſaid the old man; it will be my pride to prefer him to ſuch a noble gentleman; I will make no terms for him, but leave it to your Honour to do for him as he ſhall deſerve.—Very well, ſaid Sir Philip, you ſhall be no loſer by that; I will charge myſelf with the care of the young man. The bargain was ſtruck, and Sir Philip purchaſed a horſe for John of the old man. The next morning they ſet out; the Knight left marks of his bounty with the good people, and departed, laden with their bleſſing and prayers. He ſtopped at the place where his faithful ſervant was buried, and cauſed maſſes to be ſaid for the repoſe of his ſoul; then, purſuing his way by eaſy journeys, arrived in ſafety at home. His family rejoiced at his return; he ſettled his new ſervant in attendance upon his

his perſon; he then looked round his neighbourhood for objects of his charity; when he ſaw merit in diſtreſs, it was his delight to raiſe and ſupport it; he ſpent his time in the ſervice of his Creator, and glorified him in doing good to his creatures. He reflected frequently upon every thing that had befallen him in his late journey to the weſt; and at his leiſure, took down all the particulars in writing.

Here follows an interval of four years, as by the manuſcript; and this omiſſion ſeems intended by the Writer. What follows is in a different hand, and the character is more modern.

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ABOUT this time the prognoſtics of Sir Philip Harclay began to be verified, that Edmund's good qualities might one day excite envy and create him enemies. The ſons and kinſmen of his patron began to ſeek occaſion to find fault with him, and to depreciate him with others. The Baron's eldeſt ſon and heir, Maſter Robert, had ſeveral conteſts with Maſter William, the ſecond ſon, upon his

his account: this youth had a warm affection for Edmund, and whenever his brother and kinſman treated him ſlightly, he ſupported him againſt their malicious inſinuations. Mr. Richard Wenlock, and Mr. John Markham, were the ſiſters ſons of the Lord Fitz-Owen; and there were ſeveral other more diſtant relations, who, with them, ſecretly envied Edmund's fine qualities, and ſtrove to leſſen him in the eſteem of the Baron and his family. By degrees they excited a diſlike in Maſter Robert, that in time was fixed into habit, and fell little ſhort of averſion.

Young Wenlock's hatred was confirmed by an additional circumſtance: he had a growing paſſion for the Lady Emma, the Baron's only daughter; and, as love is eagle-eyed, he ſaw, or fancied he ſaw her caſt an eye of preference on Edmund. An accidental ſervice that ſhe received from him, had excited her grateful regards and attentions towards him. The inceſſant view of his fine perſon and qualities, had perhaps improved her eſteem into a ſtill ſofter ſenſation, though ſhe

was

was yet ignorant of it, and thought it only the tribute due to gratitude and friendſhip.

One Chriſtmas time, the Baron and all his family went to viſit a family in Wales; croſſing a ford, the horſe that carried the Lady Emma, who rode behind her couſin Wenlock, ſtumbled and fell down, and threw her off into the water: Edmund diſmounted in a moment, and flew to her aſſiſtance; he took her out ſo quick, that the accident was not known to ſome part of the company. From this time Wenlock ſtrove to undermine Edmund in her eſteem, and ſhe conceived herſelf obliged, in juſtice and gratitude, to defend him againſt the malicious inſinuations of his enemies. She one day aſked Wenlock, why he in particular ſhould endeavour to recommend himſelf to her favour, by ſpeaking againſt Edmund, to whom ſhe was under great obligations? He made but little reply; but the impreſſion ſunk deep into his rancorous heart; every word in Edmund's behalf was like a poiſoned arrow that rancled in the wound, and grew every day more inflamed. Sometimes he would pretend to extenuate Edmund's ſuppoſed faults, in order

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to load him with the ſin of ingratitude upon other occaſions. Rancour works deepeſt in the heart that ſtrives to conceal it; and, when covered by art, frequently puts on the appearance of candour. By theſe means did Wenlock and Markham impoſe upon the credulity of Maſter Robert and their other relations: Maſter William only ſtood proof againſt all their inſinuations.

The ſame autumn that Edmund completed his eighteenth year, the Baron declared his intention of ſending the young men of his houſe to France the following ſpring, to learn the art of war, and ſignalize their courage and abilities.

Their ill-will towards Edmund was ſo well concealed, that his patron had not diſcovered it; but it was whiſpered among the ſervants, who are generally cloſe obſervers of the manners of their principals. Edmund was a favourite with them all, which was a ſtrong preſumption that he deſerved to be ſo, for they ſeldom ſhew much regard to dependents, or to ſuperior domeſtics, who are generally objects of envy and diſlike. Edmund was courteous, but not familiar with them; and,

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by this means, gained their affections without ſoliciting them. Among them was an old ſerving man, called Joſeph Howell; this man had formerly ſerved the old Lord Lovel, and his ſon; and when the young Lord died, and Sir Walter ſold the Caſtle to his brother-in-law, the Lord Fitz-Owen, he only of all the old ſervants was left in the houſe, to take care of it, and to deliver it into the poſſeſſion of the new proprietor, who retained him in his ſervice: he was a man of few words, but much reflection; and, without troubling himſelf about other people's affairs, went ſilently and properly about his own buſineſs; more ſolicitous to diſcharge his duty, than to recommend himſelf to notice, and not ſeeming to aſpire to any higher office than that of a ſerving man. This old man would fix his eyes upon Edmund, whenever he could do it without obſervation; ſometimes he would ſigh deeply, and a tear would ſtart from his eye, which he ſtrove to conceal from obſervation. One day Edmund ſurprized him in this tender emotion, as he was wiping his eyes with the back of his hand:—Why, ſaid he, my good friend, do you look at me ſo earneſtly

earneſtly and affectionately?—Becauſe I love you, Maſter Edmund, ſaid he, becauſe I wiſh you well—I thank you kindly, anſwered Edmund; I am unable to repay your love, otherwiſe than by returning it, which I do ſincerely.—I thank you, Sir, ſaid the old man; that is all I deſire, and more than I deſerve.—Do not ſay ſo, ſaid Edmund; if I had any better way to thank you, I would not ſay ſo much about it; but words are all my inheritance. Upon this he ſhook hands with Joſeph, who withdrew haſtily to conceal his emotion, ſaying, God bleſs you, Maſter, and make your fortune equal to your deſerts! I cannot help thinking you were born to a higher ſtation than what you now hold.—— You know to the contrary, ſaid Edmund;—but Joſeph was gone out of ſight and hearing.

The notice and obſervation of ſtrangers, and the affection of individuals, together with that inward conſciouſneſs that always attends ſuperior qualities, would ſometimes kindle the flames of ambition in Edmund's heart; but he checked them preſently by reflecting upon his low birth and dependent ſtation.

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He was modeſt, yet intrepid; gentle and courteous to all, frank and unreſerved to thoſe that loved him; diſcreet and complaiſant to thoſe who hated him; generous and compaſſionate to the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures in general; humble, but not ſervile, to his patron and ſuperiors. Once, when he with a manly ſpirit juſtified himſelf againſt a malicious imputation, his young Lord Robert taxed him with pride and arrogance to his kinſman. Edmund denied the charge againſt him with equal ſpirit and modeſty. Maſter Robert anſwered him ſharply—How dare you contradict my couſins? do you mean to give them the lye?—Not in words, Sir, ſaid Edmund; but I will behave ſo as that you ſhall not believe them. Maſter Robert haughtily bid him be ſilent, and know himſelf, and not preſume to contend with men ſo much his ſuperiors in every reſpect. Theſe heart-burnings, in ſome degree, ſubſided by their preparations for going to France. Maſter Robert was to be preſented at court before his departure, and it was expected that he ſhould be knighted. The Baron deſigned Edmund to be his Eſquire; but this

this was fruſtrated by his old enemies, who perſuaded Robert to make choice of one of his own domeſtics, called Thomas Hewſon; him did they ſet up as a rival to Edmund, and he took every occaſion to affront him. All that Maſter Robert gained by this ſtep was the contempt of thoſe who ſaw Edmund's merit, and thought it want of diſcernment in him not to diſtinguiſh and reward it. Edmund requeſted of his Lord that he might be Maſter William's attendant; and when, ſaid he, my patron ſhall be knighted, as I make no doubt he will one day be, he has promiſed that I ſhall be his Eſquire. The Baron granted Edmund's requeſt; and, being freed from ſervitude to the reſt, he was devoted to that of his beloved maſter, William, who treated him in public as his principal domeſtic, but in private as his choſen friend and brother.

The whole cabal of his enemies conſulted together in what manner they ſhould vent their reſentment againſt him; and it was agreed that they ſhould treat him with indifference and neglect, till they ſhould arrive in France: and when there, they ſhould contrive to render his courage ſuſpected, and by put-

ting him upon ſome deſperate enterpriſe, rid themſelves of him for ever. About this time died the great Duke of Bedford, to the irreparable loſs of the Engliſh nation. He was ſucceeded by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, as Regent of France, of which great part had revolted to Charles the Dauphin. Frequent actions enſued. Cities were loſt and won; and continual occaſions offered to exerciſe the courage, and abilities, of the youths of both nations.

The young men of Baron Fitz-Owen's houſe were recommended particularly to the Regent's notice. Maſter Robert was knighted, with ſeveral other young men of family, who diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their ſpirit and activity upon every occaſion. The youth were daily employed in warlike exerciſes, and frequent actions; and made their firſt eſſay in arms in ſuch a manner as to bring into notice all that deſerved it.

Various arts were uſed by Edmund's enemies to expoſe him to danger; but all their contrivances recoiled upon themſelves, and brought increaſe of honour upon Edmund's head: he diſtinguiſhed himſelf upon ſo many occaſions, that Sir Robert himſelf began to pay

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him more than ordinary regard, to the infinite mortification of his kinſmen and relations. They laid many ſchemes againſt him, but none took effect.

From this place the characters in the manuſcript are effaced by time and damp. Here and there ſome ſentences are ligible, but not ſufficient to purſue the thread of the ſtory. Mention is made of ſeveral actions in which the young men were engaged——that Edmund diſtinguiſhed himſelf by intrepidity in action; by gentleneſs, humanity, and modeſty in the ceſſations—that he attracted the notice of every perſon of obſervation, and alſo, that he received perſonal commendation from the Regent.

The following incidents are clear enough to be tranſcribed; but the beginning of the next ſucceeding pages is obliterated: However we may gueſs at the beginning by what remains.

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AS ſoon as the cabal met in Sir Robert's tent, Mr. Wenlock thus began:—You ſee, my friends, that every attempt we make to humble this upſtart, turns into applauſe, and ſerves only to raiſe his pride ſtill higher. Something muſt be done, or his praiſe will go home before us, at our own expence; and we ſhall ſeem only foils to ſet off his glories. Any thing would I give to the man who ſhould execute our vengeance upon him.——Stop there, couſin Wenlock, ſaid Sir Robert; though I think Edmund proud and vain-glorious, and would join in any ſcheme to humble him and make him know himſelf, I will not ſuffer any man to uſe ſuch baſe methods to effect it. Edmund is brave; and it is beneath an Engliſhman to revenge himſelf by unworthy means; if any ſuch are uſed, I will be the firſt man to bring the guilty to juſtice; and if I hear another word to this purpoſe, I will inform my brother William, who will acquaint Edmund with your mean intentions.

intentions. Upon this the cabal drew back, and Mr. Wenlock proteſted that he meant no more than to mortify his pride, and make him know his proper ſtation. Soon after Sir Robert withdrew, and they reſumed their deliberations.

Then ſpoke Thomas Hewſon: There is a party to be ſent out to-morrow night, to intercept a convoy of proviſions for the relief of Rouen; I will provoke Mr. Edmund to make one of this party, and when he is engaged in the action, I and my companions will draw off, and leave him to the enemy, who I truſt will ſo handle him, that you ſhall no more be troubled with him.—This will do, ſaid Mr. Wenlock; but let it be kept from my two couſins, and only known to ourſelves; if they offer to be of the party, I will perſuade them off it: And you, Thomas, if you bring this ſcheme to a concluſion, may depend upon my eternal gratitude.—And mine, ſaid Markham; and ſo ſaid all. The next day the affair was publicly mentioned; and Hewſon, as he promiſed, provoked Edmund to the trial: ſeveral young men of family offered themſelves: among the reſt, Sir Robert, and his brother

William. Mr. Wenlock perſuaded them not to go, and ſet the danger of the enterpriſe in the ſtrongeſt colours. At laſt Sir Robert complained of the tooth-ach, and was confined to his tent; Edmund waited on him; and judging by the ardour of his own courage of that of his patron, thus beſpoke him:—I am greatly concerned, dear Sir, that we cannot have your company at night; but as I know what you will ſuffer at being abſent, I would beg the favour of you to let me uſe your arms and device, and I will promiſe not to diſgrace them.—No, Edmund, I cannot conſent to that: I thank you for your noble offer, and will remember it to your advantage; but I cannot wear honours of another man's getting. You have awakened me to a ſenſe of my duty: I will go with you, and contend with you for glory; and William ſhall do the ſame.

In a few hours they were ready to ſet out. Wenlock and Markham, and their dependants, found themſelves engaged in honour to go upon an enterpriſe they never intended; and ſet out, with heavy hearts, to join the party. They marched in ſilence in the horrors of a dark night, and wet roads; they met

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the convoy where they expected, and a ſharp engagement enſued. The victory was ſome time doubtful; but the noon riſing on the backs of the Engliſh, gave them the advantage. They ſaw the diſpoſition of their enemies, and availed themſelves of it. Edmund advanced the foremoſt of the party; he drew out the leader on the French ſide; he ſlew him. Mr. Williams preſſed forward to aſſiſt his friend; Sir Robert, to defend his brother; Wenlock and Markham, from ſhame to ſtay behind.

Thomas Hewſon and his aſſociates drew back on their ſide; the French perceived it, and purſued the advantage. Edmund puſhed them in front; the young nobles all followed him; they broke through the detachment, and ſtopped the waggons. The officer who commanded the party, encouraged them to go on; the defeat was ſoon complete, and the proviſions carried in triumph to the Engliſh camp.

Edmund was preſented to the Regent, as the man to whom the victory was chiefly owing. Not a tongue preſumed to move itſelf againſt him; even malice and envy were ſilenced.

Approach, young man, ſaid the Regent, that I may confer upon you the honour of knighthood, which you have well deſerved. Mr. Wenlock could no longer forbear ſpeaking: knighthood, ſaid he, is an order belonging to gentlemen, it cannot be confered on a peaſant.—What ſay you, Sir? returned the Regent? is this youth a peaſant?—He is, ſaid Wenlock, let him deny it if he can. Edmund with a modeſt bow, replied,—It is true indeed I am a peaſant, and this honour is too great for me: I have only done my duty. The duke of York, whoſe pride of birth equalled that of any man living or dead ſheathed his ſword immediately.—Though, ſaid he, I cannot reward you as I intended, I will take care that you ſhall have a large ſhare in the ſpoils of this night; and, I declare publicly, that you ſtand firſt in the liſt of gallant men in this engagement.

Thomas Hewſon and his aſſociates made a poor figure in their return; they were publicly reproved for their backwardneſs. Hewſon was wounded in body, and more in mind, for the bad ſucceſs of his ill-laid deſign. He could not hold up his head before Edmund; who, unconſcious of their malice, adminiſter-

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ed every kind of comfort to them. He ſpoke in their behalf to the commanding officer, imputing their conduct to unavoidable accidents. He viſited them privately; he gave them a part of the ſpoils allotted to himſelf; by every act of valour and courteſy he ſtrove to engage thoſe hearts that hated, envied, and maligned him: But where hatred ariſes from envy of ſuperior qualities, every diſplay of thoſe qualities increaſes the cauſe from whence it ariſes.

Another pauſe enſues here.

The young nobles and gentlemen who diſtinguiſhed Edmund, were prevented from raiſing him to preferment by the inſinuations of Wenlock and his aſſociates, who never failed to ſet before them his low deſcent, and his pride and arrogance in preſuming to rank with gentlemen.

Here the manuſcript is not legible for ſeveral pages. There is mention, about this time, of the death of the Lady Fitz-Owen; but not the cauſe.

Wenlock rejoiced to find that his ſchemes took effect, and that they ſhould be recalled

at the approach of winter. The Baron was glad of a pretence to ſend for them home; for he could no longer endure the abſence of his children, after the loſs of their mother

The manuſcript is again defaced for many leaves; at length the letters become more legible and the remainder of it is quite perfect.

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FROM the time the young men returned from France, the enemies of Edmund employed their utmoſt abilities to ruin him in the Baron's opinion, and get him diſmiſſed from the family. They inſinuated a thouſand things againſt him, that happened, as they ſaid, during his reſidence in France, and therefore could not be known to his maſter; but, when the Baron privately inquired of his two elder ſons, he found there was no truth in their reports. Sir Robert, though he did not love him, ſcorned to join in untruths againſt him. Mr. William ſpoke of him with the warmth of fraternal affection. The Baron perceived that his kinſmen diſliked Edmund;

mund; but his own good heart hindered him from ſeeing the baſeneſs of theirs. It is ſaid, that continual dropping will wear away a ſtone; ſo did their inceſſant reports, by inſenſible degrees, produce a coolneſs in his patron's behaviour towards him. If he behaved with manly ſpirit, it was miſconſtrued into pride and arrogance; his generoſity was imprudence; his humility was hypocriſy, the better to cover his ambition. Edmund bore patiently all the indignities that were thrown upon him; and, though he felt them ſeverely in his boſom, ſcorned to juſtify his conduct at the expence even of his enemies. Perhaps his gentle ſpirit might at length have ſunk under this treatment, but Providence interpoſed in his behalf; and, by ſeemingly accidental circumſtances, conducted him imperceptibly towards the criſis of his fate.

Father Oſwald, who had been preceptor to the young men, had a ſtrong affection for Edmund, from a thorough knowledge of his heart; he ſaw through the mean artifices that were uſed to undermine him in his patron's favour; he watched their machinations, and ſtrove to fruſtrate their deſigns.

This good man uſed frequently to walk out with Edmund; they converſed upon various ſubjects; and the youth would lament to him the unhappineſs of his ſituation, and the peculiar circumſtances that attended him. The father, by his wholeſome advice, comforted his drooping heart; and confirmed him in his reſolution of bearing unavoidable evils with patience and fortitude, from the conſciouſneſs of his own innocence, and the aſſurance of a future and eternal reward.

One day, as they were walking in a wood near the Caſtle, Edmund aſked the father, what meant thoſe preparations for building, the cutting down trees, and burning of bricks?—What, ſaid Oſwald, have you not heard that my Lord is going to build a new apartment on the weſt ſide of the Caſtle?—And why, ſaid Edmund, ſhould my Lord be at that expence when there is one on the eaſt ſide that is never occupied?—That apartment ſaid the friar, you muſt have obſerved is always ſhut up.—I have obſerved it often, ſaid Edmund, but I never preſumed to aſk any queſtions about it.—You had then, ſaid Oſwald, leſs curioſity, and more diſcretion, than is common at your age.—You have

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_have you not heard that my Lord is going to build a new apartment on the west side of the Castle? page 18

raiſed my curioſity, ſaid Edmund; and if it be not improper, I beg of you to gratify it.—We are alone, ſaid Oſwald, and I am ſo well aſſured of your prudence, that I will explain this myſtery in ſome degree to you.

You muſt know, that apartment was occupied by the laſt Lord Lovel when he was a bachelor. He married in his father's life-time, who gave up his own apartment to him, and offered to retire to this himſelf; but the ſon would not permit him; he choſe to ſleep here rather than in any other. He had been married about three months, when his father, the old Lord, died of a fever. About twelve months after his marriage, he was called upon to attend the King, Henry the Fourth, on an expedition in Wales, whither he was attended by many of his dependants. He left his Lady big with child, and full of care and anxiety for his ſafety and return.

After the King had chaſtiſed the rebels, and obtained the victory, the Lord Lovel was expected home every day; various reports were ſent home before him; one meſſenger brought an account of his health and ſafety; ſoon after another came with bad news, that he

he was ſlain in battle. His kinſman, Sir Walter Lovel, came here on a viſit to comfort the Lady; and he waited to receive his kinſman on his return. It was he that brought the news of the ſad event of the battle to the Lady Lovel.

She fainted away at the relation; but, when ſhe revived, exerted the utmoſt reſolution; ſaying, it was her duty to bear this dreadful ſtroke with Chriſtian fortitude and patience, eſpecially in regard to the child ſhe went with, the laſt remains of her beloved huſband, and the undoubted heir of a noble houſe. For ſeveral days ſhe ſeemed an example of patience and reſignation; but then, all at once ſhe renounced them, and broke out into paſſionate and frantic exclamations; ſhe ſaid, that her dear Lord was baſely murdered; that his ghoſt had appeared to her, and revealed his fate: She called upon Heaven and earth to revenge her wrongs; ſaying, ſhe would never ceaſe complaining to God, and the King, for vengeance and juſtice.

Upon this, Sir Walter told the ſervants that Lady Lovel was diſtracted, from grief, for the death of her Lord; that his regard for her

her was as ſtrong as ever; and that, if ſhe recovered, he would himſelf be her comforter, and marry her. In the mean time ſhe was confined in this very apartment, and in leſs than a month the poor Lady died. She lies buried in the family vault in St. Auſtin's church in the village. Sir Walter took poſſeſſion of the Caſtle, and all the other eſtates, and aſſumed the title of Lord Lovel.

Soon after, it was reported that the Caſtle was haunted, and that the ghoſts of Lord and Lady Lovel had been ſeen by ſeveral of the ſervants. Whoever went into this apartment were terrified by uncommon noiſes, and ſtrange appearances; at length this apartment was wholly ſhut up, and the ſervants were forbid to enter it, or to talk of any thing relating to it: However the ſtory did not ſtop here; it was whiſpered about that the new Lord Lovel was ſo diſturbed every night, that he could not ſleep in quiet; and, being at laſt tired of the place, he ſold the Caſtle and eſtate of his anceſtors, to his brother-in-law the Lord Fitz-Owen, who now enjoys it, and left this country.

All this is news to me, ſaid Edmund; but father, tell me what grounds there were for the

the Lady's ſuſpicion that her Lord died unfairly?—Alas! ſaid Oſwald, that is only known to God. There were ſtrange thoughts in the minds of many at that time; I had mine; but I will not diſcloſe them, not even to you. I will not injure thoſe who may be innocent; and I leave it to Providence, who will doubtleſs, in its own beſt time and manner, puniſh the guilty. But let what I have told you be as if you had never heard it.

I thank you for theſe marks of your eſteem and confidence, ſaid Edmund: be aſſured that I will not abuſe them; nor do I deſire to pry into ſecrets not proper to be revealed: I entirely approve your diſcretion, and acquieſce in your concluſion, that Providence will in its own time vindicate its ways to man: If it were not for that truſt, my ſituation would be inſupportable. I ſtrive earneſtly to deſerve the eſteem and favour of good men; I endeavour to regulate my conduct ſo as to avoid giving offence to any man; but I ſee, with infinite pain, that it is impoſſible for me to gain theſe points.—I ſee it too with great concern, ſaid Oſwald; and every thing that I can ſay or do in your favour is miſconſtrued; and, by ſeeking to do you ſervice, I

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loſe my own influence: But I will never give my ſanction to acts of injuſtice, nor join to oppreſs innocence. My dear child, put your truſt in God: He who brought light out of darkneſs, can bring good out of evil. ——I hope and truſt ſo, ſaid Edmund; but, father, if my enemies ſhould prevail, if my Lord ſhould believe their ſtories againſt me, and I ſhould be put out of the houſe with diſgrace, what will become of me? I have nothing but my character to depend upon; if I loſe that, I loſe every thing; and I ſee they ſeek no leſs than my ruin.—Truſt in my Lord's honour and juſtice, replied Oſwald; he knows your virtue, and he is not ignorant of their ill-will towards you.—I know my Lord's juſtice too well to doubt it, ſaid Edmund; but would it not be better to rid him of this trouble, and his family of an incumbrance? I would gladly do ſomething for myſelf, but cannot without my Lord's recommendation; and, ſuch is my ſituation, that I fear the aſking for a diſmiſſion would be accounted baſe ingratitude: Beſide, when I think of leaving this houſe, my heart ſaddens at the thought, and tells me I cannot be happy out of it: Yet, I think I could return to

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a peaſant's life with chearfulneſs, rather than live in a palace under diſdain and contempt. —Have patience a little longer, my ſon, ſaid Oſwald; I will think of ſome way to ſerve you, and to repreſent your grievances to my Lord, without offence to either: Perhaps the cauſes may be removed. Continue to obſerve the ſame irreproachable conduct; and be aſſured that heaven will defend your innocence, and defeat the unjuſt deſigns of your enemies. Let us now return home.

About a week after this conference, Edmund walked out in the fields ruminating on the diſagreeable circumſtances of his ſituation. Inſenſible of the time, he had been out ſeveral hours without perceiving how the day wore away, when he heard himſelf called by name ſeveral times; looking backward, he ſaw his friend, Mr. William, and hallooed to him. He came running towards him; and leaping over the ſtile, ſtood ſtill a while to recover his breath—What is the matter, Sir? ſaid Edmund; your looks beſpeak ſome tidings of importance. With a look of tender concern and affection, the youth preſſed his hand and ſpoke:—My dear Edmund, you muſt come home with me directly; your old ene-

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mies have united to ruin you with my father; my brother Robert has declared that he thinks there will be no peace in our family till you are diſmiſſed from it, and told my father, he hoped he would not break with his kinſmen rather than give up Edmund.—But what do they lay to my charge? ſaid Edmund.—I cannot rightly underſtand, anſwered William, for they make a great myſtery of it; ſomething of great conſequence, they ſay; but they will not tell me what: However, my father has told them that they muſt bring their accuſation before your face, and he will have you anſwer them publicly. I have been ſeeking you this hour, to inform you of this, that you might be prepared to defend yourſelf againſt your accuſers.—God reward you, Sir, ſaid Edmund, for all your goodneſs to me! I ſee they are determined to ruin me, if poſſible: I ſhall be compelled to leave the Caſtle; but whatever becomes of me, be aſſured you ſhall have no cauſe to bluſh for your kindneſs and partiality to your Edmund. —I know it, I am ſure of it, ſaid William; and here I ſwear to you, as Jonathan did to David, I beſeech Heaven to bleſs me, as my friendſhip to you ſhall be ſteady and inviolable!

lable!—Only ſo long as I ſhall deſerve ſo great a bleſſing, interrupted Edmund—I know your worth and honour, continued William: and ſuch is my confidence in your merit, that I firmly believe Heaven deſigns you for ſomething extraordinary; and I expect that ſome great and unforeſeen event will raiſe you to the rank and ſtation to which you appear to belong: Promiſe me, therefore, that whatever may be your fate, you will preſerve the ſame friendſhip for me that I bear to you.—Edmund was ſo much affected, that he could not anſwer but in broken ſentences.—Oh my friend, my maſter! I vow, I promiſe, my heart promiſes! He kneeled down with claſped hands, and uplifted eyes: William kneeled by him, and they invoked the Supreme to witneſs to their friendſhip, and implored his bleſſing upon it: They then roſe up and embraced each other, while tears of cordial affection bedewed their cheeks.

As ſoon as they were able to ſpeak, Edmund conjured his friend not to expoſe himſelf to the diſpleaſure of his family out of kindneſs to him. I ſubmit to the will of Heaven, ſaid he, I wait with patience its diſpoſal

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of me: if I leave the Caſtle, I will find means to inform you of my fate and fortunes.—I hope, ſaid William, that things may yet be accommodated; but do not take any reſolution, let us act as occaſions ariſe.

In this manner theſe amiable youths conferred, till they arrived at the Caſtle. The Baron was ſitting in the great hall, on a high chair with a footſtep before, with the ſtate and dignity of a judge: before him, ſtood father Oſwald, as pleading the cauſe for himſelf and Edmund. Round the Baron's chair ſtood his eldeſt ſon and his kinſmen, with their principal domeſtics. The old ſervant, Joſeph, at ſome diſtance, with his head leaning forward, as liſtening with the utmoſt attention to what paſſed. Mr. William approached the chair.—My Lord I have found Edmund, and brought him to anſwer for himſelf.—You have done well, ſaid the Baron. Edmund, come hither; you are charged with ſome indiſcretions, for I cannot properly call them crimes: I am reſolved to do juſtice between you and your accuſers; I ſhall therefore hear you as well as them; for no man ought to be condemned unheard.—My Lord, ſaid Edmund, with equal modeſty and intrepidity,

pidity, I demand my trial; if I ſhall be found guilty of any crimes againſt my Benefactor, let me be puniſhed with the utmoſt rigour: But if, as I truſt, no ſuch charge can be proved againſt me, I know your goodneſs too well to doubt that you will do juſtice to me, as well as to others; and, if it ſhould ſo happen, that by the miſrepreſentations of my enemies (who have long ſought my ruin privately, and now avow it publicly) if by their artifices your Lordſhip ſhould be induced to think me guilty, I would ſubmit to your ſentence in ſilence, and appeal to another tribunal.—See, ſaid Mr. Wenlock, the confidence of the fellow! he already ſuppoſes that my Lord muſt be in the wrong if he condemns him; and then this meek creature will appeal to another tribunal: To whoſe will he appeal? I deſire he may be made to explain himſelf.—That I will immediately, ſaid Edmund, without being compelled; I only meant to appeal to Heaven, that beſt knows my innocence.—'Tis true, ſaid the Baron, and no offence to any one; man can only judge by appearances, but Heaven knows the heart: Let every one of you bear this in mind, that you may not bring a falſe accuſation,

ſation, nor juſtify yourſelves by concealing the truth. Edmund, I am informed that Oſwald and you have made very free with me and my family, in ſome of your converſations; you were heard to cenſure me for the abſurdity of building a new apartment on the weſt ſide of the Caſtle, when there was one on the eaſt ſide uninhabited: Oſwald ſaid, that apartment was ſhut up becauſe it was haunted; that ſome ſhocking murder had been committed there; adding many particulars concerning Lord Lovel's family, ſuch as he could not know the truth of, and, if he had known, was imprudent to reveal. But further, you complained of ill-treatment here; and mentioned an intention to leave the Caſtle, and ſeek your fortune elſewhere. I ſhall examine into all theſe particulars in turn. At preſent, I deſire you, Edmund, to relate all that you can remember of the converſation that paſſed between you and Oſwald in the wood laſt Monday.—Good God! ſaid Edmund, is it poſſible that any perſon could put ſuch a conſtruction upon ſo innocent a converſation?

Tell me, then, ſaid the Baron, the particulars of it.—I will, my Lord, as nearly as my

my memory will allow me. Accordingly he related moſt of the converſation that paſſed in the wood; but, in the part that concerned the family of Lovel, he abbreviated as much as poſſible. Oſwald's countenance cleared up, for he had done the ſame before Edmund came. The Baron called to his eldeſt ſon,—You hear, Sir Robert, what both parties ſay: I have queſtioned them ſeparately; neither of them knew what the other would anſwer, yet their accounts agree almoſt to a word.—I confeſs they do ſo, anſwered Sir Robert; but, Sir, it is very bold and preſuming for them to ſpeak of our family affairs in ſuch a manner; if my uncle, Lord Lovel, ſhould come to know it, he would puniſh them ſeverely; and if his honour is reflected upon, it becomes us to reſent, and to puniſh it. Here Mr. Wenlock broke out into paſſion, and offered to ſwear to the truth of his accuſation. Be ſilent, Dick, ſaid the Baron; I ſhall judge for myſelf.—I proteſt, ſaid he to Sir Robert, I never heard ſo much as Oſwald has now told me concerning the deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel; I think it is beſt to let ſuch ſtories alone, till they die away of themſelves. I had, indeed, heard of an idle ſtory of the

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eaſt apartment's being haunted, when firſt I came hither, and my brother adviſed me to ſhut it up till it ſhould be forgotten; but what has now been ſaid, has ſuggeſted a thought that may make that apartment uſeful in future. I have thought of a puniſhment for Edmund that will ſtop the mouth of his accuſers for the preſent; and, as I hope, will eſtabliſh his credit with every body. Edmund, will you undertake this adventure for me?—What adventure, my Lord? ſaid Edmund: There is nothing I would not undertake to ſhew my gratitude and fidelity to you. As to my courage, I would ſhew that at the expence of my malicious accuſers, if reſpect to my Lord's blood did not tie up my hands; as I am ſituated, I beg it may be put to the proof in whatever way is moſt for my maſter's ſervice.—That is well ſaid, cried the Baron: As to your enemies, I am thinking how to ſeparate you from them effectually; of that I ſhall ſpeak hereafter. I am going to try Edmund's courage; he ſhall ſleep three nights in the eaſt apartment, that he may teſtify to all whether it be haunted or not; afterwards I will have that apartment ſet in order, and my eldeſt ſon ſhall take it for his own; it

will ſpare me ſome expence, and anſwer my purpoſe as well, or better: will you conſent, Edmund?—With all my heart, my Lord, ſaid Edmund, I have not wilfully offended God or man; I have, therefore, nothing to fear.—Brave boy! ſaid my Lord; I am not deceived in you, nor ſhall you be deceived in your reliance on me. You ſhall ſleep in that apartment to night, and to morrow I will have ſome private talk with you. Do you, Oſwald, go with me; I want to have ſome converſation with you. The reſt of you, retire to your ſtudies and buſineſs; I will meet you at dinner.

Edmund retired to his own chamber, and Oſwald was ſhut up with the Baron; he defended Edmund's cauſe and his own, and laid open as much as he knew of the malice and deſigns of his enemies. The Baron expreſſed much concern at the untimely deaths of Lord and Lady Lovel, and deſired Oſwald to be circumſpect in regard to what he had to ſay of the circumſtances attending them; adding, that he was both innocent and ignorant of any treachery towards either of them. Oſwald excuſed himſelf for his communications to Edmund, ſaying, they fell undeſignedly into

into the ſubject, and that he mentioned it in confidence to him only.

The Baron ſent orders to the young men to come to dinner; but they refuſed to meet Edmund at table; accordingly he ate in the ſteward's apartment. After dinner, the Baron tried to reconcile his kinſmen to Edmund; but found it impoſſible. They ſaw their deſigns were laid open; and, judging of him by themſelves, thought it impoſſible to forgive or be forgiven. The Baron ordered them to keep in ſeparate apartments; he took his eldeſt ſon for his own companion, as being the moſt reaſonable of the malcontents; and ordered his kinſmen to keep their own apartment, with a ſervant to watch their motions. Mr. William had Oſwald for his companion. Old Joſeph was bid to attend on Edmund; to ſerve him at ſupper; and, at the hour of nine to conduct him to the haunted apartment. Edmund deſired that he might have a light and his ſword, leſt his enemies ſhould endeavour to ſurpriſe him. The Baron thought his requeſt reaſonable, and complied with it.

There was a great ſearch to find the key of the apartment; at laſt it was diſcovered by

Edmund himſelf, among a parcel of old ruſty keys in a lumber-room. The Baron ſent the young men their ſuppers to their reſpective apartments. Edmund declined eating, and deſired to be conducted to his apartment. He was accompanied by moſt of the ſervants to the door of it; they wiſhed him ſucceſs, and prayed for him as if he had been going to execution.

The door was with great difficulty unlocked, and Joſeph gave Edmund a lighted lamp, and wiſhed him a good night; he returned his good wiſhes to them all with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs, took the key on the inſide of the door, and then diſmiſſed them.

He then took a ſurvey of his chamber; the furniture, by long neglect, was decayed and dropping to pieces; the bed was devoured by the moths, and occupied by the rats, who had built their neſts there with impunity for many generations. The bedding was very damp, for the rain had forced its way through the ceiling; he determined, therefore, to lie down in his clothes. There were two doors on the further ſide of the room, with keys in them: being not at all ſleepy, he reſolved to examine them; he attempted one lock, and opened

opened it with eaſe; he went into a large dining-room, the furniture of which was in the ſame tattered condition; out of this was a large cloſet with ſome books in it, and hung round with coats of arms, with geneſalogies and alliances of the houſe of Lovel; he amuſed himſelf here ſome minutes, and then returned into the bed-chamber.

He recollected the other door, and reſolved to ſee where it led to; the key was ruſted into the lock, and reſiſted his attempts; he ſet the lamp on the ground, and exerting all his ſtrength, opened the door, and at the ſame inſtant the wind of it blew out the lamp, and left him in utter darkneſs. At the ſame moment he heard a hollow ruſtling noiſe, like that of a perſon coming through a narrow paſſage. Till this moment not one idea of fear had approached the mind of Edmund; but, juſt then, all the concurrent circumſtances of his ſituation ſtruck upon his heart, and gave him a new and diſagreeable ſenſation. He paufed a while; and recollecting himſelf, cried out aloud—What ſhould I fear? I have not wilfully offended God or man; why then ſhould I doubt protection? But I have not yet implored the divine aſſiſt-

ance; how then can I expect it? Upon this he kneeled down and prayed earneſtly, reſigning himſelf wholly to the will of heaven; while he was yet ſpeaking, his courage returned, and he reſumed his uſual confidence; again he approached the door from whence the noiſe proceeded; he thought he ſaw a glimmering light upon a ſtaircaſe before him. If, ſaid he, this apartment is haunted, I will uſe my endeavours to diſcover the cauſe of it; and if the ſpirit appears viſibly, I will ſpeak to it.

He was preparing to deſcend the ſtaircaſe when he heard ſeveral knocks at the door by which he firſt entered the room; and, ſtepping backward, the door was clapped to with great violence. Again fear attacked him; but he reſiſted it, and boldly cried out—Who is there?—A voice at the outer door anſwered. —It's I; Joſeph, your friend;—What do you want? ſaid Edmund—I have brought you ſome wood to make a fire, ſaid Joſeph.—I thank you kindly, ſaid Edmund; but my lamp is gone out; I will try to find the door, however. After ſome trouble, he found, and opened it; and was not ſorry to ſee his friend Joſeph, with a light in one hand

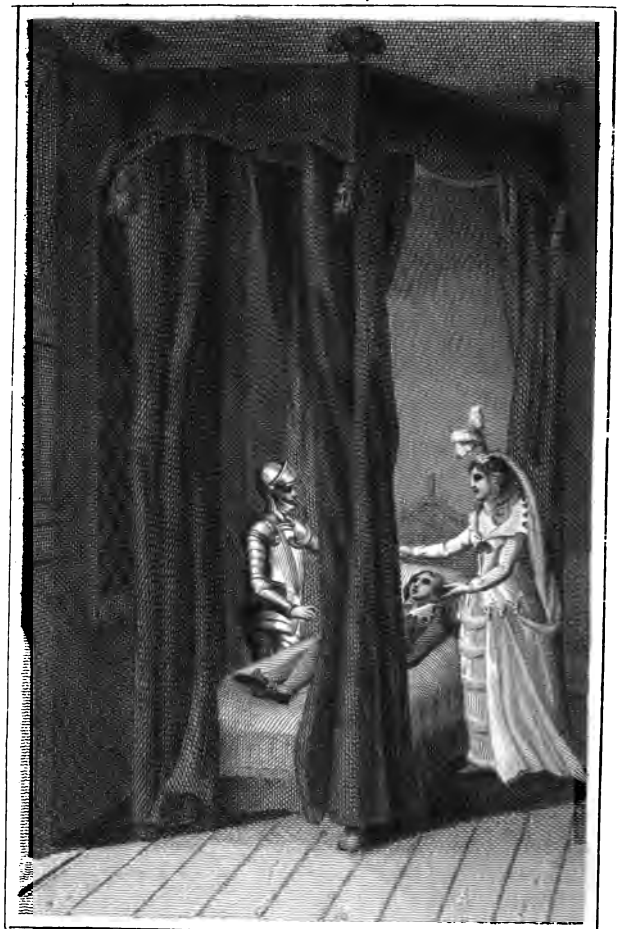
hand, a flagon of beer in the other, and a faggot upon his ſhoulder.—I come, ſaid the good old man, to bring you ſomething to keep up your ſpirits; the evening is cold; I know this room wants airing; and beſide that, my Maſter, I think your preſent undertaking requires a little aſſiſtance.

My good friend, ſaid Edmund, I never ſhall be able to deſerve or requite your kindneſs to me.—My dear Sir, you always deſerved more than I could do for you; and I think I ſhall yet live to ſee you defeat the deſigns of your enemies and acknowledge the ſervice of your friends. Alas! ſaid Edmund, I ſee little proſpect of that!—I ſee, ſaid Joſeph, ſomething that perſuades me you are deſigned for great things; and I perceive that things are working about to ſome great end: Have courage, my Maſter, my heart beats ſtrangely high upon your account!—You make me ſmile, ſaid Edmund.—I am glad to ſee it, Sir; may you ſmile all the reſt of your life!—I thank your honeſt affection, returned Edmund, though it is too partial to me. You had better go to bed, however; if it is known that you viſit me here, it will be bad for us both.—So I will preſently; but, pleaſe God,

I will come here again to-morrow night, when all the family are a-bed; and I will tell you ſome things that you never yet heard. —But pray tell me, ſaid Edmund, where does that door lead to?—Upon a paſſage that ends in a ſtaircaſe that leads to the lower rooms; and there is likewiſe a door out of that paſſage into the dining-room.—And what rooms are there below ſtairs, ſaid Edmund?—The ſame as above, replied he.—Very well; then I wiſh you a good night, we will talk further to-morrow.—Aye, to-morrow night; and in this place, my dear Maſter.—Why do you call me your Maſter? I never was, nor ever can be, your Maſter.—God only knows that, ſaid the good old man; good night, and Heaven bleſs you!—Good night, my worthy friend!

Joſeph withdrew, and Edmund returned to the other door, and attempted ſeveral times to open it in vain; his hands were benumbed and tired; at length he gave over. He made a fire in the chimney, placed the lamp on a table, and opened one of the window-ſhutters to admit the day-light; he then recommended himſelf to the divine protection, and threw himſelf upon the bed; he preſently fell aſleep,

and



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He thought the man said,—Is this our child?

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and continued in that ſtate, till the ſun ſaluted him with his orient beams through the window he had opened.

As ſoon as he was perfectly awake, he ſtrove to recollect his dreams. He thought that he heard people coming up the ſtaircaſe that he had a glimpſe of; that the door opened, and there entered a Warrior, leading a Lady by the hand, who was young and beautiful, but pale and wan: The man was dreſſed in complete armour, and his helmet down. They approached the bed; they undrew the curtains. He thought the man ſaid,—Is this our child? The woman replied,—It is; and the hour approaches that he ſhall be known for ſuch. They then ſeparated, and one ſtood on each ſide of the bed; their hands met over his head, and they gave him a ſolemn benediction. He ſtrove to riſe and pay them his reſpects, but they forbad him; and the Lady ſaid,—Sleep in peace, oh, my Edmund! for thoſe who are the true poſſeſſors of this apartment are employed in thy preſervation: Sleep on, ſweet hope of a houſe that is thought paſt hope!—Upon this, they withdrew, and went out at the ſame door by which they entered, and he heard them

deſcend the ſtairs.—After this, he followed a funeral as chief mourner; he ſaw the whole proceſſion, and heard the ceremonies performed. He was ſnatched away from this mournful ſcene to one of a contrary kind, a ſtately feaſt at which he preſided; and he heard himſelf congratulated as a huſband, and a father: His friend William ſat by his ſide; and his happineſs was complete. Every ſucceeding idea was happineſs without alloy; and his mind was not idle a moment till the morning ſun awakened him. He perfectly remembered his dreams and meditated on what all theſe things ſhould portend.—Am I then, ſaid he, not Edmund Twyford, but ſomebody of conſequence, in whoſe fate ſo many people are intereſted? Vain thought, that muſt have ariſen from the partial ſuggeſtions of my two friends, Mr. William and old Joſeph.

He lay thus reflecting, when a ſervant knocked at the door, and told him it was paſt ſix o'clock, and that the Baron expected him to breakfaſt in an hour. He roſe immediately; paid his tribute of thanks to heaven for its protection, and went from his chamber in high health and ſpirits.

He

He walked in the garden till the hour of breakfaſt, and then attended the Baron.—Good morrow, Edmund! ſaid he; how have you reſted in your new apartment?—Extremely well, my Lord, anſwered he.—I am glad to hear it, ſaid the Baron; but I did not know your accommodations were ſo bad, as Joſeph tells me they are.—'Tis of no conſequence, ſaid Edmund; if they were much worſe, I could diſpenſe with them for three nights.—Very well, ſaid the Baron; you are a brave lad: I am ſatisfied with you, and will excuſe the other two nights.—But, my Lord, I will not be excuſed; no one ſhall have reaſon to ſuſpect my courage; I am determined to go through the remaining nights upon many accounts.—That ſhall be as you pleaſe, ſaid my Lord. I think of you as you deſerve; ſo well, that I ſhall aſk your advice by and bye in ſome affairs of conſequence.—My life and ſervices are yours, my Lord; command them freely.—Let Oſwald be called in, ſaid my Lord; he ſhall be one of our conſultation. He came; the ſervants were diſmiſſed; and the Baron ſpoke as follows:—Edmund, when firſt I took you into my family, it was at the requeſt of my ſons and kinſ-

men; I bear witneſs to your good behaviour: you have not deſerved to loſe their eſteem; but, nevertheleſs, I have obſerved for ſome years paſt, that all but my ſon William have ſet their faces againſt you: I ſee their meanneſs, and I perceive their motives: but they are, and muſt be my relations; and I would rather govern them by love, than fear. I love and eſteem your virtues: I cannot give you up to gratify their humours. My ſon William has loſt the affections of the reſt, for that he bears to you; but he has increaſed my regard to him: I think myſelf bound in honour to him and you to provide for you! I cannot do it, as I wiſhed, under my own roof. If you ſtay here, I ſee nothing but confuſion in my family; yet I cannot put you out of it diſgracefully. I want to think of ſome way to prefer you, that you may leave this houſe with honour; and I deſire both of you to give me your advice in this matter. If Edmund will tell me in what way I can employ him to his own honour and my advantage, I am ready to do it; let him propoſe it, and Oſwald ſhall moderate between us.

Here he ſtopped; and Edmund, whoſe ſighs almoſt choaked him, threw himſelf at the

the Baron's feet, and wet his hand with his tears. Oh, my noble, generous benefactor! do you condescend to consult such a one as me upon the state of your family? Does your most amiable and beloved son incur the ill-will of his brothers and kinsmen for my sake? What am I, that I should disturb the peace of this noble family? Oh, my Lord, send me away directly! I should be unworthy to live, if I did not earnestly endeavour to restore your happiness. You have given me a noble education, and I trust I shall not disgrace it. If you will recommend me, and give me a character, I fear not to make my own fortune. The Baron wiped his eyes; I wish to do this, my child, but in what way?—My Lord, said Edmund, I will open my heart to you. I have served with credit in the army, and I should prefer a soldier's life.—You please me well, said the Baron: I will send you to France, and give you a recommendation to the Regent; he knows you personally, and will prefer you, for my sake, and for your own merit.—My Lord, you overwhelm me with your goodness! I am but your creature, and my life shall be devoted to your service.—But, said the Baron, how to dispose of

you

you till the ſpring?—That, ſaid Oſwald, may be thought of at leiſure; I am glad that you have reſolved, and I congratulate you both. The Baron put an end to the converſation by deſiring Edmund to go with him into the Menage to ſee his horſes. He ordered Oſwald to acquaint his ſon William with all that had paſſed, and to try to perſuade the young men to meet Edmund and William at dinner.

The Baron took Edmund with him into his Menage to ſee ſome horſes he had lately purchaſed; while they were examining the beauties and defects of thoſe noble and uſeful animals, Edmund declared that he preferred Carodoc, a horſe he had broke himſelf, to any other in my Lord's ſtables. Then, ſaid the Baron, I will give him to you; and you ſhall go upon him to ſeek your fortune. He made new acknowledgments for this gift, and declared he would prize it highly for the giver's ſake. But I ſhall not part with you yet, ſaid my Lord; I will firſt carry all my points with theſe ſaucy boys, and oblige them to do you juſtice.—You have already done that, ſaid Edmund; and I will not ſuffer any of your Lordſhip's blood to undergo any farther humiliation

miliation upon my account. I think, with humble ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, the ſooner I go hence the better.

While they were ſpeaking, Oſwald came to them, and ſaid, that the young men had abſolutely refuſed to dine at the table, if Edmund was preſent.—'Tis well, ſaid the Baron; I ſhall find a way to puniſh their contumacy hereafter: I will make them know that I am the maſter here. Edmund and you, Oſwald, ſhall ſpend the day in my apartment above ſtairs. William ſhall dine with me alone; and I will acquaint him with our determination: My ſon Robert, and his cabal, ſhall be priſoners in the great parlour. Edmund ſhall, according to his own deſire, ſpend this and the following night in the haunted apartment; and this for his ſake, and my own; for if I ſhould now contradict my former order, it would ſubject us both to their impertinent reflections.

He then took Oſwald aſide, and charged him not to let Edmund go out of his ſight; for if he ſhould come in the way of thoſe implacable enemies, he trembled for the conſequences. He then walked back to the ſtables,

ſtables, and the two friends returned into the houſe.

They had a long converſation on various ſubjects; in the courſe of it, Edmund acquainted Oſwald with all that had paſſed between him and Joſeph the preceding night, the curioſity he had raiſed in him, and his promiſe to gratify it the night following. I wiſh, ſaid Oſwald, you would permit me to be one of your party.—How can that be? ſaid Edmund: we ſhall be watched, perhaps; and, if diſcovered, what excuſe can you make for coming there? Beſide, if it were known, I ſhall be branded with the imputation of cowardice; and, though I have borne much, I will not promiſe to bear that patiently.—Never fear, replied Oſwald, I will ſpeak to Joſeph about it; and, after prayers are over, and the family gone to bed, I will ſteal away from my own chamber and come to you. I am ſtrongly intereſted in your affairs; and I cannot be eaſy unleſs you will receive me into your company: I will bind myſelf to ſecrecy in any manner you ſhall enjoin.—Your word is ſufficient, ſaid Edmund; I have as much reaſon to truſt you, father, as any man living; I ſhould be ungrateful to refuſe you any

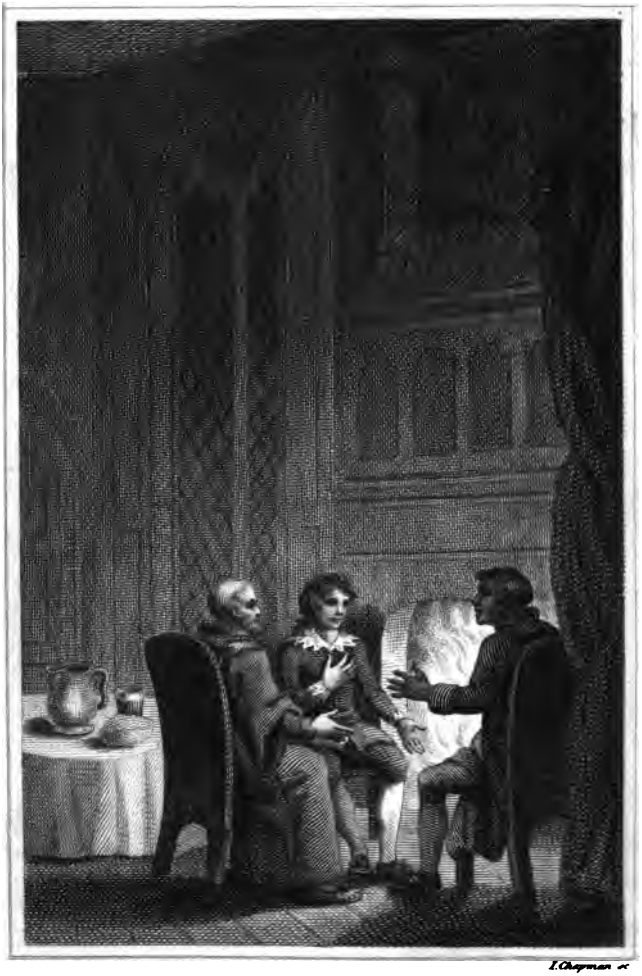
any thing in my power to grant: but ſuppoſe the apartment ſhould really be haunted, would you have reſolution enough to purſue the adventure to a diſcovery?—I hope ſo, ſaid Oſwald: but have you any reaſon to believe it is?—I have, ſaid Edmund; but I have not opened my lips upon this ſubject to any creature but yourſelf. This night I purpoſe, if Heaven permit, to go all over the rooms; and, though I had formed this deſign, I will confeſs that your company will ſtrengthen my reſolution. I will have no reſerves to you in any reſpect; but I muſt put a ſeal upon your lips. Oſwald ſwore ſecreſy till he ſhould be permitted to diſcloſe the myſteries of that apartment; and both of them waited, in ſolemn expectation, the event of the approaching night.

In the afternoon Mr. William was allowed to viſit his friend: An affecting interview paſſed between them: he lamented the neceſſity of Edmund's departure, and they took a ſolemn leave of each other, as if they foreboded it would be long ere they ſhould meet again.

About the ſame hour as the preceding evening, Joſeph came to conduct Edmund to his

his apartment. You will find better accommodations than you had laſt night, ſaid he, and all by my Lord's own order.——I every hour receive ſome new proof of his goodneſs, ſaid Edmund. When they arrived, he found a good fire in the chamber, and a table covered with cold meats, and a flagon of ſtrong beer. ——Sit down and get your ſupper, my dear Maſter, ſaid Joſeph: I muſt attend my Lord; but as ſoon as the family are gone to bed, I will viſit you again.—Do ſo, ſaid Edmund; but firſt, ſee father Oſwald; he has ſomething to ſay to you: You may truſt him, for I have no reſerves to him.—Well, Sir, I will ſee him if you deſire it; and I will come to you as ſoon as poſſible. So ſaying, he went his way; and Edmund ſat down to ſupper.

After a moderate refreſhment, he kneeled down, and prayed with the greateſt fervency; he reſigned himſelf to the diſpoſal of Heaven: I am nothing, ſaid he, I deſire to be nothing but what thou, O Lord, pleaſeſt to make me: If it is thy will that I ſhould return to my former obſcurity, be it obeyed with chearfulneſs? and, if thou art pleaſed to exalt me, I will look up to thee, as the only fountain of honour



I. Chapman sc

I believe you are designed for great things, my Son

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honour and dignity. While he prayed, he felt an enlargement of heart beyond what he had ever experienced before; all idle fears were diſperſed, and his heart glowed with divine love and affiance; he ſeemed raiſed above the world and all its purſuits. He continued wrapt up in mental devotion, till a knocking at the door obliged him to riſe, and let in his two friends, who came without ſhoes, and on tiptoe, to viſit him.

Save you, my ſon! ſaid the friar; you look cheerful and happy.——I am ſo, father, ſaid Edmund; I have reſigned myſelf to the diſpoſal of Heaven, and I find my heart ſtrengthened above what I can expreſs.—Heaven be praiſed! ſaid Oſwald: I believe you are deſigned for great things, my ſon:—What! do you too encourage my ambition? ſays Edmund; ſtrange concurrence of circumſtances! Sit down, my friends; and do you, my good Joſeph, tell me the particulars you promiſed laſt night. They drew their chairs round the fire, and Joſeph began as follows.——

You have heard of the untimely death of the late Lord Lovel, my noble and worthy Maſter; perhaps you may have alſo heard, that, from that time, this apartment was haunted.

haunted. What paſſed the other day, when my Lord queſtioned you both on this head, brought all the circumſtances freſh into my mind. You then ſaid, there were ſuſpicions that he came not fairly to his end. I truſt you both, and will ſpeak what I know of it. There was a perſon ſuſpected of this murder; and who do you think it was?—You muſt ſpeak out, ſaid Oſwald.—Why then, ſaid Joſeph, it was the preſent Lord Lovel.—You ſpeak my thoughts, ſaid Oſwald; but proceed to the proofs.—I will, ſaid Joſeph. From the time that my Lord's death was reported, there were ſtrange whiſperings and conſultations between the new Lord and ſome of the ſervants; there was a deal of private buſineſs carried on in this apartment: Soon after they gave out that my poor Lady was diſtracted; but ſhe threw out ſtrong expreſſions that ſavoured nothing of madneſs: ſhe ſaid, that the ghoſt of her departed Lord had appeared to her, and revealed the circumſtances of this murder. None of the ſervants but one, were permitted to ſee her. At this very time, Sir Walter, the new Lord, had the cruelty to offer love to her; he urged her to marry him; and one of her women overheard her

her ſay, ſhe would ſooner die than give her hand to the man who cauſed the death of her Lord: ſoon after this, we were told my Lady was dead. The Lord Lovel made a public and ſumptuous funeral for her.—That is true, ſaid Oſwald; for I was a novice, and aſſiſted at it.

Well, ſays Joſeph, now comes my part of the ſtory. As I was coming home from the burial, I overtook Roger, our ploughman. Said he, What think you of this burying? What ſhould I think, ſaid I, but we have loſt the beſt Maſter and Lady that we ſhall ever know? God he knows, quoth Roger, whether they be living or dead; but if ever I ſaw my Lady in my life, I ſaw her alive the night they ſay ſhe died. I tried to convince him that he was miſtaken; but he offered to take his oath, that the very night they ſaid ſhe died, he ſaw her come out at the garden-gate into the fields: that ſhe often ſtopped, like a perſon in pain, and then went forward again until he had loſt ſight of her. Now it is certain that her time was out, and ſhe expected to lie down every day; and they did not pretend that ſhe died in child-bed. I thought upon what I heard; but nothing I ſaid.

Roger

Roger told the ſame ſtory to another ſervant; ſo he was called to an account; the ſtory was huſhed up, and the fooliſh fellow ſaid, he was verily perſuaded it was her ghoſt that he ſaw. Now you muſt take notice that, from this time, they began to talk about, that this apartment was troubled; and not only this, but at laſt the new Lord could not ſleep in quiet in his own room; and this induced him to ſell the caſtle to his brother-in-law, and get out of this country as faſt as poſſible. He took moſt of the ſervants away with him, and Roger among the reſt. As for me, they thought I knew nothing, and ſo they left me behind; but I was neither blind nor deaf, though I could hear, and ſee, and ſay nothing.

This is a dark ſtory, ſaid Oſwald.—It is ſo, ſaid Edmund; but why ſhould Joſeph ſeem to think it concerns me in particular? —Ah, dear Sir! ſaid Joſeph, I muſt tell you, though I never uttered it to mortal man before; the ſtriking reſemblance this young man bears to my dear Lord, the ſtrange diſlike his reputed father took to him, his gentle manners, his generous heart, his noble qualities ſo uncommon in thoſe of his birth and breeding,

breeding, the ſound of his voice—You may ſmile at the ſtrength of my fancy, but I cannot put it out of my mind but that he is my own Maſter's ſon.

At theſe words Edmund changed colour, and trembled; he clapped his hand upon his breaſt, and looked up to Heaven in ſilence; his dream recurred to his memory, and ſtruck upon his heart. He related it to his attentive auditors. The ways of Providence are wonderful, ſaid Oſwald. If this be ſo, Heaven in its own time will make it appear.

Here a ſilence of ſeveral minutes enſued; when, ſuddenly, they were awakened from their reverie by a violent noiſe in the rooms underneath them. It ſeemed like the claſhing of arms, and ſomething ſeemed to fall down with violence.

They ſtarted, and Edmund roſe up with a look full of reſolution and intrepidity.—I am called, ſaid he; I obey the call! He took up a lamp, and went to the door that he had opened the night before. Oſwald followed with his roſary in his hand, and Joſeph laſt with trembling ſteps. The door opened with eaſe, and they deſcended the ſtairs in profound ſilence.

The

The lower rooms anſwered exactly to thoſe above; there were two parlours and a large cloſet. They ſaw nothing remarkable in theſe rooms, except two pictures, that were turned with their faces to the wall. Joſeph took the courage to turn them: Theſe, ſaid he, are the portraits of my Lord and Lady.—Father, look at this face; do you know who is like it? —I ſhould think, ſaid Oſwald, it was done for Edmund!—I am, ſaid Edmund, ſtruck with the reſemblance myſelf: but let us go on; I feel myſelf inſpired with unuſual courage.—Let us open the cloſet-door.—Oſwald ſtopped him ſhort:—Take heed, ſaid he, leſt the wind of the door put out the lamp. I will open this door. He attempted it without ſucceſs; Joſeph did the ſame, but to no purpoſe; Edmund gave the lamp to Joſeph; he approached the door, tried the key, and it gave way to his hand in a moment.—This adventure belongs, ſaid he, to me only; that is plain; bring the lamp forward. Oſwald repeated his paternoſter, in which they all joined, and then entered the cloſet.

The firſt thing that preſented itſelf to their view, was a complete ſuit of armour, that ſeemed to have fallen down on an heap. Behold!

hold! ſaid Edmund; this made the noiſe we heard above. They took it up, and examined it piece by piece; the inſide of the breaſt-plate was ſtained with blood.—See here! ſaid Edmund; what think you of this?—'Tis my Lord's armour, ſaid Joſeph; I know it well: Here has been bloody work in this cloſet! Going forward, he ſtumbled over ſomething; it was a ring, with the arms of Lovel engraved upon it.—This is my Lord's ring, ſaid Joſeph; I have ſeen him wear it: I give it to you, Sir, as the right owner; and moſt religiouſly do I believe you his ſon.—Heaven only knows that, ſaid Edmund; and, if it permits, I will know who was my father before I am a day older. While he was ſpeaking he ſhifted his ground, and perceived that the boards roſe up on the other ſide of the cloſet; upon farther examination they found that the whole floor was looſe, and a table that ſtood over them concealed the circumſtance from a caſual obſerver.—I perceive, ſaid Oſwald, that ſome great diſcovery is at hand.—God defend us! ſaid Edmund, but I verily believe that the perſon that owned this armour lies buried under us. Upon this, a diſmal hollow groan was heard, as if from underneath.

derneath. A ſolemn ſilence enſued, and marks of fear were viſible upon all three; the groan was thrice heard: Oſwald made ſigns for them to kneel, and he prayed audibly, that Heaven would direct them how to act; he alſo prayed for the ſoul of the departed, that it might reſt in peace. After this he aroſe; but Edmund continued kneeling: he vowed ſolemnly to devote himſelf to the diſcovery of this ſecret, and the avenging the death of the perſon there buried. He then roſe up.—It would be to no purpoſe, ſaid he, for us to examine further now; when I am properly authoriſed, I will have this place opened: I truſt that time is not far off.—I believe it, ſaid Oſwald; you are deſigned by Heaven to be its inſtrument in bringing this deed of darkneſs to light. We are your creatures; only tell us what you would have us do, and we are ready to obey your commands.—I only demand your ſilence, ſaid Edmund, till I call for your evidence; and then, you muſt ſpeak all you know, and all you ſuſpect.—Oh, ſaid Joſeph, that I may but live to ſee that day, and I ſhall have lived long enough!—Come, ſaid Edmund let us return up ſtairs, and we will conſult further how I ſhall proceed; ſo ſaying,

ſaying, he went out of the cloſet, and they followed him. He locked the door, and took the key out:—I will keep this, ſaid he, till I have power to uſe it to purpoſe, leſt any one ſhould preſume to pry into the ſecret of this cloſet: I will always carry it about me, to remind me of what I have undertaken.

Upon this they returned up ſtairs into the bed-chamber; all was ſtill, and they heard nothing more to diſturb them. How, ſaid Edmund, is it poſſible that I ſhould be the ſon of Lord Lovel? for, however circumſtances have ſeemed to encourage ſuch a notion, what reaſon have I to believe it?—I am ſtrangely puzzled about it ſaid Oſwald. It ſeems unlikely that ſo good a man as Lord Lovel ſhould corrupt the wife of a peaſant, his vaſſal: and, eſpecially, being ſo lately married to a Lady with whom he was paſſionately in love, —Hold there! ſaid Joſeph; my Lord was incapable of ſuch an action: If Maſter Edmund is the ſon of my Lord, he is alſo the ſon of my Lady.—How can that be? ſaid Edmund.—I don't know how, ſaid Joſeph; but there is a perſon who can tell if ſhe will: I mean Margery Twyford, who calls herſelf your mother.—You meet my thoughts, ſaid

Edmund; I had reſolved, before you ſpoke, to viſit her, and to interrogate her on the ſubject: I will aſk my Lord's permiſſion to go this very day.—That is right, ſaid Oſwald; but be cautious and prudent in your inquiries—If you, ſaid Edmund, would bear me company, I ſhould do better: ſhe might think herſelf obliged to anſwer your queſtions: and, being leſs intereſted in the event, you would be more diſcreet in your interrogations.—That I will moſt readily, ſaid he; and I will aſk my Lord's permiſſion for us both.—This point is well determined, ſaid Joſeph; I am impatient for the reſult; and I believe my feet will carry me to meet you whether I conſent or not.—I am as impatient as you ſaid Oſwald; but let us be ſilent as the grave, and let not a word or look indicate any thing unknown or myſterious.

The day-light began to dawn upon their conference; and Edmund, obſerving it, begged his friends to withdraw in ſilence. They did ſo, and left Edmund to his own recollections. His thoughts were too much employed for ſleep to approach him; he threw himſelf upon the bed, and lay meditating how he ſhould proceed; a thouſand ſchemes offered themſelves,

themſelves, and were rejected; but he reſolved, at all events, to leave Baron Fitz-Owen's family the firſt opportunity that preſented itſelf.

He was ſummoned, as before, to attend my Lord at breakfaſt; during which, he was ſilent, abſent, and reſerved. My Lord obſerved it, and rallied him: inquiring how he had ſpent the night?—In reflecting upon my ſituation, my Lord; and in laying plans for my future conduct. Oſwald took the hint, and aſked permiſſion to viſit Edmund's mother in his company, and acquaint her with his intentions of leaving the country ſoon. He conſented freely: but ſeemed unreſolved about Edmund's departure.

They ſet out directly, and Edmund went haſtily to old Twyford's cottage, declaring that every field ſeemed a mile to him. Reſtrain your warmth, my ſon, ſaid Oſwald; compoſe your mind, and recover your breath, before you enter upon a buſineſs of ſuch conſequence. Margery met them at the door, and aſked Edmund what wind blew him thither?—Is it ſo very ſurpriſing, ſaid he, that I ſhould viſit my parents?—Yes, it is, ſaid ſhe, conſidering the treatment you have met with from us;

but ſince Andrew is not in the houſe, I may ſay I am glad to ſee you: Lord bleſs you, what a fine youth you be grown! 'Tis a long time ſince I ſaw you; but that is not my fault: many a croſs word, and many a blow, have I had on your account: but I may now venture to embrace my dear child.—Edmund came forward and embraced her fervently; the ſtarting tears, on both ſides, evinced their affection. And why, ſaid he ſhould my father forbid you to embrace your child? what have I ever done to deſerve his hatred?—Nothing, my dear boy! you were always good and tender-hearted, and deſerved the love of every body.—It is not common, ſaid Edmund, for a parent to hate his firſt-born ſon without his having deſerved it.—This is true, ſaid Oſwald; it is uncommon, it is unnatural; nay, I am of opinion it is almoſt impoſſible. I am ſo convinced of this truth, that I believe the man who thus hates and abuſes Edmund, cannot be his father. In ſaying this, he obſerved her countenance attentively; ſhe changed colour apparently.—Come, ſaid he, let us ſit down; and do you, Margery, anſwer to what I have ſaid.—Bleſſed Virgin! ſaid Margery, what does your

your Reverence mean? what do you ſuſpect? —I ſuſpect, ſaid he, that Edmund is not the ſon of Andrew your huſband.—Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, what is it you do ſuſpect?—Do not evade my queſtion, woman! I am come here by authority to examine you upon this point. The woman trembled every joint:—Would to heaven! ſaid ſhe, that Andrew was at home!—It is much better as it is, ſaid Oſwald: you are the perſon we are to examine.—Oh, father, ſaid ſhe, do you think that I—that I—that I am to blame in this matter? what have I done?—Do you, Sir, ſaid he, aſk your own queſtions? Upon this, Edmund threw himſelf at her feet, and embraced her knees.—Oh my mother! ſaid he, for as ſuch my heart owns you, tell me for the love of Heaven! tell me, who was my father?—Gracious Heaven! ſaid ſhe, what will become of me!—Woman! ſaid Oſwald, confeſs the truth, or you ſhall be compelled to do it: by whom you had this youth?—Who, I? ſaid ſhe; I had him! No, father, I am not guilty of the black crime of adultery; God he knows my innocence: I am not worthy to be the mother of ſuch a ſweet youth as that is.—You are not his

mother, then, nor Andrew his father?—Oh, what ſhall I do? ſaid Margery; Andrew will be the death of me!—No, he ſhall not, ſaid Edmund; you ſhall be protected and rewarded for the diſcovery.—Goody, ſaid Oſwald, confeſs the whole truth, and I will protect you from harm and from blame: you may be the means of making Edmund's fortune, in which caſe he will certainly provide for you: on the other hand, by an obſtinate ſilence you will deprive yourſelf of all advantages you might receive from the diſcovery; and, beſide, you will ſoon be examined in a different manner, and be obliged to confeſs all you know, and nobody will thank you for it.—Ah! ſaid ſhe, but Andrew beat me the laſt time I ſpoke to Edmund; and told me he would break every bone in my ſkin, if ever I ſpoke to him again.—He knows it then? ſaid Oſwald—He know it! Lord help you, it was all his own doing.—Tell us then, ſaid Oſwald; for Andrew ſhall never know it, till it is out of his power to puniſh you.—'Tis a long ſtory, ſaid ſhe, and cannot be told in a few words.—It will never be told at this rate, ſaid he; ſit down and begin it inſtantly.—My fate depends upon your words, ſaid Edmund;

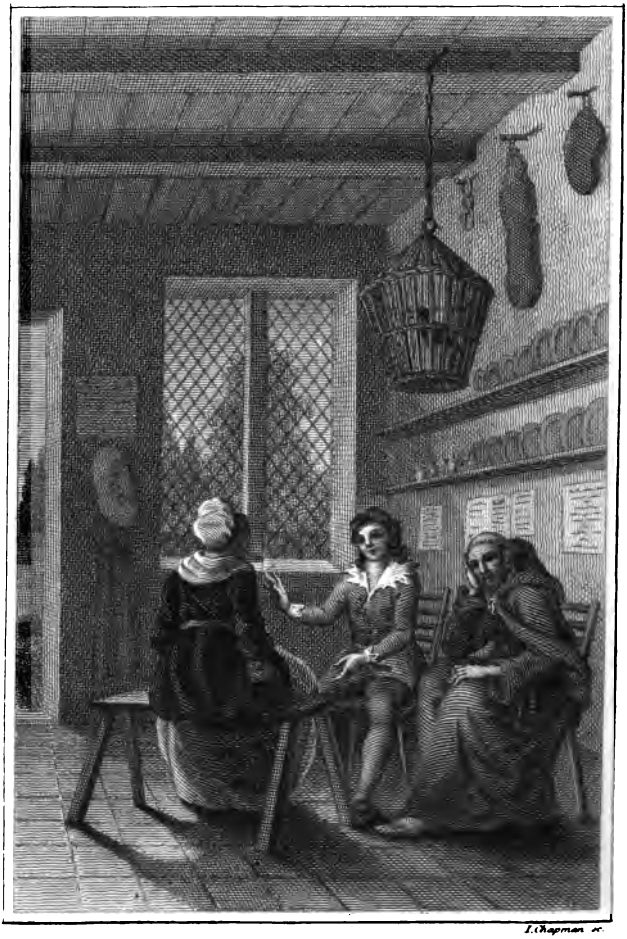
mund; my ſoul is impatient of the ſuſpenſe! If ever you loved me and cheriſhed me, ſhew it now, and tell while I have breath to aſk it.

He ſat in extreme agitation of mind; his words and actions were equally expreſſive of his inward emotions.—I will, ſaid ſhe; but I muſt try to recollect all the circumſtances. You muſt know, young man, that you are juſt one-and-twenty years of age.—On what day was he born, ſaid Oſwald?—The day before yeſterday, ſaid ſhe, the 21ſt of September.—A remarkable æra, ſaid he.—'Tis ſo, indeed, ſaid Edmund: Oh, that night! that apartment!—Be ſilent, ſaid Oſwald; and do you, Margery, begin your ſtory.

I will, ſaid ſhe. Juſt one-and-twenty years ago, on that very day, I loſt my firſt-born ſon: I got a hurt by over-reaching myſelf, when I was near my time, and ſo the poor child died. And ſo, as I was ſitting all alone, and very melancholy, Andrew came home from work: ſee, Margery, ſaid he, I have brought you a child inſtead of that you have loſt. So he gave me a bundle, as I thought; but ſure enough it was a child; a poor helpleſs babe juſt born, and only rolled up in a fine handkerchief, and over that a rich velvet

cloak trimmed with gold lace. And where did you find this? ſaid I.—Upon the foot-bridge, ſaid he, juſt below the clay field. This child, ſaid he, belongs to ſome great folk, and perhaps it may be inquired after one day, and may make our fortunes; take care of it, ſaid he, and bring it up as if it was your own. The poor infant was cold, and it cried, and looked up at me ſo pitifully, that I loved it; beſide, my milk was troubleſome to me, and I was glad to be eaſed of it; ſo I gave it the breaſt, and from that hour I loved the child as if it were my own, and ſo I do ſtill if I dared to own it.—And this is all you know of Edmund's birth? ſaid Oſwald. —No, not all, ſaid Margery; but pray look out and ſee whether Andrew is coming, for I am all over in a twitter.——He is not, ſaid Oſwald; go on, I beſeech you!—This happened, ſaid ſhe, as I told you, on the 21ſt. On the morrow my Andrew went out early to work, along with one Robin Rouſe, our neighbour; they had not been gone above an hour when they both came back ſeemingly very much frightened: ſays Andrew, Go you, Robin, and borrow a pick-axe at neighbour Styles's. What is the matter now? ſaid

I—



J. Chapman sc.

_am I the child of that hapless mother. _

Pge. 25

I—Matter enough! quoth Andrew; we may come to be hanged, perhaps, as many an innocent man has before us. Tell me what is the matter? ſaid I. I will, ſaid he; but if ever you open your mouth about it, woe be to you! I never will, ſaid I: but he made me ſwear by all the bleſſed Saints in the Calender; and then he told me, that, as Robin and he were going over the foot-bridge, where he found the child the evening before, they ſaw ſomething floating upon the water; ſo they followed it, till it ſtuck againſt a ſtake, and found it to be the dead body of a woman; as ſure as you are alive, Madge, ſaid he, this was the mother of the child I brought home. —Merciful God! ſaid Edmund; am I the child of that hapleſs mother;—Be compoſed, ſaid Oſwald: proceed, good woman, the time is precious.—And ſo, continued ſhe, Andrew told me they dragged the body out of the river, and it was richly dreſſed, and muſt be ſomebody of conſequence. I ſuppoſe, ſaid he, when the poor Lady had taken care of her child, ſhe went to find ſome help; and, the night being dark, her foot ſlipped, and ſhe fell into the river, and was drowned.

Lord have mercy! ſaid Robin, what ſhall we do with the dead body? we may be taken up for the murder; what had we to do to meddle with it? Aye, but ſays Andrew, we muſt have ſomething to do with it now; and our wiſeſt way is to bury it. Robin was ſadly frightened, but at laſt they agreed to carry it into the wood, and bury it there; ſo they came home for a pick-axe and ſhovel. Well, ſaid I, Andrew, but will you bury all the rich clothes you ſpeak of? Why, ſaid he, it would be both a ſin and a ſhame to ſtrip the dead. So it would, ſaid I; but I will give you a ſheet to wrap the body in, and you may take off her upper garments, and any thing of value; but not ſtrip her to the ſkin for any thing. Well ſaid, wench! ſaid he; I will do as you ſay, So I fetched a ſheet, and by that time Robin was come back, and away they went together.

They did not come back again till noon, and then they ſat down and ate a morſel together. Says Andrew, Now we may ſit down and eat in peace. Aye, ſays Robin, and ſleep in peace too, for we have done no harm. No, to be ſure, ſaid I? but yet I am much concerned that the poor Lady had not Chriſtian burial.

burial. Never trouble thyſelf about that ſaid Andrew; we have done the beſt we could for her: but let us ſee what we have got in our bags; we muſt divide them. So they opened their bags, and took out a fine gown and a pair of rich ſhoes; but, beſide theſe, there was a fine necklace with a golden locket and a pair of ear-rings. Says Andrew, and winked at me, I will have theſe, and you may take the reſt. Robin ſaid, he was ſatisfied, and ſo he went his way. When he was gone, Here, you fool, ſays Andrew, take theſe, and keep them as ſafe as the bud of your eye: If ever young Maſter is found, theſe will make our fortune.—And have you them now? ſaid Oſwald.—Yes that I have, anſwered ſhe; Andrew would have ſold them long ago, but I always put him off it.—Heaven be praiſed! ſaid Edmund.—Huſh, ſaid Oſwald, let us not loſe time; proceed, Goody:—Nay, ſaid Margery, I have not much more to ſay. We looked every day to hear ſome inquiries after the child, but nothing paſſed, nobody was miſſing.—Did nobody of note die about that time? ſaid Oſwald.——Why yes, ſaid Margery, the widow Lady Lovel died that ſame week: by the ſame

ſame token, Andrew went to the funeral, and brought home a 'ſcutcheon, which I keep unto this day.—Very well; go on.—My huſband behaved well enough to the boy, till ſuch time as he had two or three children of his own, and then he began to grumble, and ſay, it was hard to maintain other folks' children, when he found it hard enough to keep his own: I loved the boy quite as well as my own: often and often have I pacified Andrew, and made him to hope that he ſhould one day or other be paid for his trouble; but at laſt he grew out of patience, and gave over all hopes of that kind.

As Edmund grew up, he grew ſickly and tender, and could not bear hard labour; and that was another reaſon why my huſband could not bear with him. If, quoth he, the boy could earn his living, I did not care; but I muſt bear all the expence. There came an old pilgrim into our parts; he was a ſcholar, and had been a ſoldier, and he taught Edmund to read; then he told him hiſtories of wars, and Knights, and Lords, and great men; and Edmund took ſuch delight in hearing him, that he would not take to any thing elſe.

To

To be ſure Edwin was a pleaſant companion; he would tell old ſtories, and ſing old ſongs, that one could have ſat all night to hear him; but, as I was ſaying, Edmund grew more and more fond of reading, and leſs of work; however, he would run of errands, and do many handy turns for the neighbours; and he was ſo courteous a lad, that people took notice of him. Andrew once catched him alone reading, and then told him that if he did not find ſome way to earn his bread, he would turn him out of doors in a very ſhort time; and ſo he would have done, ſure enough, if my Lord Fitz-Owen had not taken him into his ſervice juſt in the nick.

Very well, Goody, ſaid Oſwald; you have told your ſtory very well; I am glad, for Edmund's ſake that you can do it ſo properly; But now, can you keep a ſecret?—Why, an't pleaſe your Reverence, I think I have ſhewed you that I can.—But can you keep it from your huſband?—Aye, ſaid ſhe, ſurely I can; for I dare not tell it him.—That is a good ſecurity, ſaid he: but I muſt have a better: You muſt ſwear upon this book not to diſcloſe any thing that has paſſed between us three, till we deſire you to do it. Be aſſured

you

you will ſoon be called upon for this purpoſe; Edmund's birth is near to the diſcovery; He is the ſon of parents of high degree; and it will be in his power to make your fortune, when he takes poſſeſſion of his own.

Holy Virgin! what is it you tell me? How you rejoice me to hear, that what I have ſo long prayed for will come to paſs; She took the oath required, ſaying after Oſwald.—Now, ſaid he, go and fetch the tokens you have mentioned.

When ſhe was gone, Edmund's paſſions, long ſuppreſſed, broke out in tears and exclamations; he kneeled down, and, with his hands claſped together, returned thanks to Heaven for the diſcovery. Oſwald begged him to be compoſed, leſt Margery ſhould perceive his agitation, and miſconſtrue the cauſe. She ſoon returned with the necklace and earrings: They were pearls of great value; and the necklace had a locket, on which the cypher of Lovel was engraved.—This, ſaid Oſwald, is indeed a proof of conſequence: Keep it, Sir, for it belongs to you.—Muſt he take it away? ſaid ſhe.—Certainly, returned Oſwald; we can do nothing without it: but if Andrew ſhould aſk for it, you muſt put him

off

off for the preſent, and hereafter he will find his account in it. Margery conſented reluctantly to part with the jewels; and, after ſome further converſation, they took leave of her. Edmund embraced her affectionately. —I thank you with my whole heart, ſaid he, for all your goodneſs to me! Though I confeſs, I never felt much regard for your huſband, yet for you I had always the tender affection of a ſon. You will, I truſt, give your evidence in my behalf when called upon: and I hope it will one day be in my power to reward your kindneſs: In that caſe, I will own you as my foſter-mother, and you ſhall always be treated as ſuch. Margery wept.—The Lord grant it! ſaid ſhe; and I pray him to have you in his holy keeping. Farewell, my dear child!—Oſwald deſired them to ſeparate for fear of intruſion; and they returned to the Caſtle. Margery ſtood at the door of her cottage, looking every way to ſee if the coaſt was clear.

Now, Sir, ſaid Oſwald, I congratulate you as the ſon of Lord and Lady Lovel; the proofs are ſtrong and indiſputable.—To us they are ſo, ſaid Edmund; but how ſhall we make them ſo to others? and what are we to think

think of the funeral of Lady Lovel? As of a fiction ſaid Oſwald; the work of the preſent Lord, to ſecure his title and fortune.—And what means can we uſe to diſpoſſeſs him? ſaid Edmund: he is not a man for a poor youth like me to contend with.—Doubt not, ſaid Oſwald, but Heaven, who has evidently conducted you by the hand thus far will complete its own work; for my part, I can only wonder and adore!—Give me your advice then ſaid Edmund: for Heaven aſſiſts us by natural means.

It ſeems to me, ſaid Oſwald, that your firſt ſtep muſt be to make a friend of ſome great man, of conſequence enough to eſpouſe your cauſe, and to get this affair examined into by authority. Edmund ſtarted and croſſed himſelf; he ſuddenly exclaimed—A friend! Yes; I have a friend! a powerful one too, one ſent by Heaven to be my protector, but whom I have too long neglected.—Who can that be? ſaid Oſwald—Who ſhould it be, ſaid Edmund but that good Sir Philip Harclay, the choſen friend of him, whom I ſhall from henceforward call my father.—'Tis true, indeed, ſaid Oſwald; and this is a freſh proof of what I before obſerved, that Heaven aſſiſts you, and

will

will complete its own work.—I think ſo myſelf, ſaid Edmund, and rely upon its direction. I have already determined on my future conduct, which I will communicate to you. My firſt ſtep ſhall be to leave the Caſtle. My Lord has this day given me a horſe, upon which I propoſe to ſet out this very night, without the knowledge of any of the family. I will go to Sir Philip Harclay; I will throw myſelf at his feet, relate my ſtrange ſtory, and implore his protection: With him I will conſult on the moſt proper way of bringing this murderer to public juſtice; and I will be guided by his advice and direction in every thing.—Nothing can be better, ſaid Oſwald, than what you propoſe: but give me leave to offer an addition to your ſcheme. You ſhall ſet off in the dead of night, as you intend; Joſeph, and I, will favour your departure in ſuch a maner as to throw a myſtery over the circumſtances of it: Your diſappearing at ſuch a time from the haunted apartment, will terrify and confound all the family; they will puzzle themſelves in vain to account for it, and they will be afraid to pry into the ſecrets of that place.

You

You ſay well; and I approve your addition, replied Edmund. Suppoſe, likewiſe, there was a letter written in a myſterious manner, and dropt in my Lord's way, or ſent to him afterwards; it would forward our deſign, and frighten them away from that apartment.—That ſhall be my care, ſaid Oſwald? and I will warrant you that they will not find themſelves diſpoſed to inhabit it preſently.—But how ſhall I leave my dear friend Mr. William, without a word of notice of this ſeparation?—I have thought of that too, ſaid Oſwald; and I will ſo manage, as to acquaint him with it in ſuch a manner as he ſhall think out of the common courſe of things, and which ſhall make him wonder and be ſilent.—How will you do that, ſaid Edmund?—I will tell you hereafter, ſaid Oſwald; for here comes old Joſeph to meet us.

He came, indeed, as faſt as his age would permit him. As ſoon as he was within hearing, he aſked them what news? They related all that had paſſed at Twyford's cottage; he heard them with the greateſt eagerneſs of attention, and as ſoon as they came to the great event—I knew it! I knew it! exclaimed Joſeph! I was ſure it would prove ſo!

Thank

Thank God for it! But I will be the firſt to acknowledge my young Lord, and I will live and die his faithful ſervant! Here Joſeph attempted to kneel to him, but Edmund prevented him with a warm embrace: My friend! my dear friend! ſaid he, I cannot ſuffer a man of your age to kneel to me? are you not one of my beſt and trueſt friends? I will ever remember your diſintereſted affection for me; and if Heaven reſtores me to my rights, it ſhall be one of my firſt cares to render your old age eaſy and happy. Joſeph wept over him, and it was ſome time before he could utter a word.

Oſwald gave them both time to recover their emotion, by acquainting Joſeph with Edmund's ſcheme for his departure. Joſeph wiped his eyes and ſpoke.—I have thought, ſaid he, of ſomething that will be both agreeable and uſeful to my dear maſter. John Wyatt, Sir Philip Harclay's ſervant, is now upon a viſit at his father's; I have heard that he goes home ſoon; now he would be both a guide, and companion on the way.—That is, indeed, a happy circumſtance, ſaid Edmund; but how ſhall we know certainly the time of his departure?—Why, Sir, I will

go

go to him, and enquire: and bring you word directly.—Do ſo, ſaid Edmund, and you will oblige me greatly.—But, Sir, ſaid Oſwald, I think it will be beſt not to let John Wyatt know who is to be his companion; only let Joſeph tell him that a gentlemen is going to viſit his maſter: And, if poſſible, prevail upon him to ſet out this night.—Do ſo, my good friend, ſaid Edmund; and tell him, further, that this perſon has buſineſs of great conſequence to communicate to his Maſter, and cannot delay his journey on any account.—I will do this, you may depend, ſaid Joſeph, and acquaint you with my ſucceſs as ſoon as poſſible; but, Sir, you muſt not go without a guide, at any rate:—I truſt I ſhall not, ſaid Edmund, though I go alone; he that has received ſuch a call as I have, can want no other, nor fear any danger.

They converſed on theſe points till they drew near the Caſtle, when Joſeph left them to go on his errand, and Edmund attended his Lord at dinner. The Baron obſerved that he was ſilent and reſerved; the converſation languiſhed on both ſides. As ſoon as dinner was ended, Edmund aſked permiſſion to go up into his own apartment; where he packed

lost in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk.

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packed up ſome neceſſaries, and made a haſty preparation for his departure.

Afterwards he walked into the garden, revolving in his mind the peculiarity of his ſituation, and the uncertainty of his future proſpects; loſt in thought, he walked to and fro in a covered walk, with his arms croſſed and his eyes caſt down, without perceiving that he was obſerved by two females who ſtood at a diſtance watching his motions: It was the Lady Emma, and her attendant, who were thus engaged. At length, he lifted up his eyes and ſaw them; he ſtood ſtill, and was irreſolute whether to advance or retire: They approached him; and, as they drew near, fair Emma ſpoke.—You have been ſo wrapt in meditation, Edmund, that I am apprehenſive of ſome new vexation that I am yet a ſtranger to: Would it were in my power to leſſen thoſe you have already! But tell me if I gueſs truly? He ſtood ſtill irreſolute, he anſwered with heſitation.—Oh, Lady—I am —I am grieved, I am concerned, to be the cauſe of ſo much confuſion in this noble family, to which I am ſo much indebted: I ſee no way to leſſen theſe evils but to remove the cauſe of them.—Meaning yourſelf? ſaid ſhe.

—Certainly,

—Certainly, Madam; and I was meditating on my departure. But, ſaid ſhe, by your departure you will not remove the cauſe.—How ſo, Madam?—Becauſe you are not the cauſe, but thoſe you will leave behind you.—Lady Emma!—How can you affect this ignorance, Edmund? You know well enough it is that odious Wenlock, your enemy and my averſion, that has cauſed all this miſchief among us, and will much more, if he is not removed.—This, Madam, is a ſubject that it becomes me to be ſilent upon: Mr. Wenlock is your kinſman; he is not my friend; and for that reaſon I ought not to ſpeak againſt him, nor you to hear it from me: If he has uſed me ill, I am recompenſed by the generous treatment of my Lord your father, who is all that is great and good; he has allowed me to juſtify myſelf to him, and he has reſtored me to his good opinion, which I prize among the beſt gifts of Heaven: Your amiable brother William thinks well of me, and his eſteem is infinitely dear to me; and you, excellent Lady, permit me to hope that you honour me with your good opinion: Are not theſe ample amends for the ill-will Mr. Wenlock bears me?—My opinion of you, Edmund,

Edmund, ſaid ſhe, is fixed and ſettled: it is not founded upon events of yeſterday, but upon long knowledge and experience; upon your whole conduct and character.—You honour me Lady! Continue to think well of me, it will excite me to deſerve it. When I am far diſtant from this place, the remembrance of your goodneſs will be a cordial to my heart.—But why will you leave us, Edmund? Stay and defeat the deſigns of your enemy; you ſhall have my wiſhes and aſſiſtance.—Pardon me, Madam, that is among the things I cannot do, even if it were in my power, which it is not. Mr. Wenlock loves you, Lady, and if he is ſo unhappy as to be your averſion, that is a puniſhment ſevere enough. For the reſt, I may be unfortunate by the wickedneſs of others, but if I am unworthy, it muſt be by my own fault.—So then you think it is an unworthy action to oppoſe Mr. Wenlock? Very well, Sir: Then I ſuppoſe you wiſh him ſucceſs; you wiſh that I may be married to him?—I, Madam! ſaid Edmund, confuſed; what am I, that I ſhould give my opinion on an affair of ſo much conſequence? You diſtreſs me by the queſtion. May you be happy; may

you enjoy your own wiſhes! He ſighed, he turned away. She called him back; he trembled, and kept ſilence.

She ſeemed to enjoy his confuſion; ſhe was cruel enough to repeat the queſtion.—Tell me, Edmund, and truly, do you wiſh to ſee me give my hand to Wenlock? I inſiſt upon your anſwer. All on a ſudden he recovered both his voice and courage; he ſtepped forward, his perſon erect, his countenance aſſured, his voice reſolute and intrepid.—Since Lady Emma inſiſts upon my anſwer, ſince ſhe avows a diſlike to Wenlock, ſince ſhe condeſcends to aſk my opinion, I will tell her my thoughts, my wiſhes. The fair Emma now trembled in her turn; ſhe bluſhed, looked down, and was aſhamed to have ſpoken ſo freely. Edmund went on;—My moſt ardent wiſhes are, that the fair Emma may reſerve her heart and hand till a certain perſon, a friend of mine, is at liberty to ſolicit them; whoſe utmoſt ambition is, firſt to deſerve, and then obtain them.—Your friend, Sir! ſaid Lady Emma! her brow clouded, her eye diſdainful. Edmund proceeded:—My friend is ſo particularly circumſtanced that he cannot at preſent, with propriety,

propriety aſk for Lady Emma's favour; but as ſoon as he has gained a cauſe that is yet in ſuſpence, he will openly declare his pretenſions, and if he is unſucceſsful, he will then condemn himſelf to eternal ſilence. Lady Emma knew not what to think of this declaration; ſhe hoped, ſhe feared, ſhe meditated: but her attention was too ſtrongly excited to be ſatisfied without ſome gratification: after a pauſe, ſhe purſued the ſubject.—And this friend of yours, Sir, of what degree and fortune is he? Edmund ſmiled; but, commanding his emotion, he replied, his birth is noble, his degree and fortune uncertain. Her countenance fell, ſhe ſighed; he proceeded. ——It is utterly impoſſible, ſaid he, for any man of inferior degree to aſpire to Lady Emma's favour; her noble birth, the dignity of her beauty and virtues, muſt awe and keep at their proper diſtance all men of inferior degree and merit; they may admire, they may revere; but they muſt not preſume to approach too near, leſt their preſumption ſhould meet with its puniſhment—Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, ſuddenly; and ſo this friend of yours has commiſſioned you to ſpeak in his behalf?—He has, Madam.—Then I muſt tell you, that

I think his aſſurance is very great, and yours not much leſs.—I am ſorry for that, Madam, —Tell him, that I ſhall reſerve my heart and hand for the man to whom my father ſhall bid me give them.—Very well, Lady; I am certain my Lord loves you too well to diſpoſe of them againſt your inclination.—How do you know that, Sir? But tell him, that the man that hopes for my favour muſt apply to my Lord for his.—That is my friend's intention, his reſolution, I ſhould ſay, as ſoon as he can do it with propriety; and I accept your permiſſion for him to do ſo.—My permiſſion did you ſay! I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance! tell me no more of your friend: But perhaps you are pleading for Wenlock, all this time: It is all one to me; only, ſay no more.—Are you offended with me, Madam?—No matter, Sir.—Yes, it is.—I am ſurprized at you, Edmund;—I am ſurprized at my own temerity; but forgive me—It does not ſignify.—Good bye t'ye, Sir.—Don't leave me in anger, Madam; I cannot bear that: Perhaps I may not ſee you again for a long time. He looked afflicted; ſhe turned back —I do forgive you, Edmund: I was concerned for you; but, it ſeems, you are more concerned

concerned for every body than for yourſelf. She ſighed: farewell! ſaid ſhe. Edmund gazed on her with tenderneſs; he approached her, he juſt touched her hand; his heart was riſing to his lips, but he recollected his ſituation; he checked himſelf immediately; he retired back, he ſighed deeply, bowed low, and haſtily quitted her.

The Lady turning into another walk, he reached the houſe firſt, and went up again to his chamber; he threw himſelf upon his knees; prayed for a thouſand bleſſings upon every one of the family of his benefactor, and involuntarily wept at mentioning the name of the charming Emma, whom he was about to leave abruptly, and perhaps for ever. He then endeavoured to compoſe himſelf, and once more attended the Baron; wiſhed him a good night; and withdrew to his chamber, till he was called upon to go again to the haunted apartment.

He came down equipped for his journey, and went haſtily for fear of obſervation; he paid his cuſtomary devotions, and ſoon after Oſwald tapped at the door. They conferred together upon the intereſting ſubject that engroſſed their attention, until Joſeph came to

them; who brought the reſt of Edmund's baggage, and ſome refreſhment for him before he ſet out. Edmund promiſed to give them the earlieſt information of his ſituation and ſucceſs. At the hour of twelve they heard the ſame groans as the night before in the lower apartment; but, being ſomewhat familiarized to it, they were not ſo ſtrongly affected: Oſwald croſſed himſelf, and prayed for the departed ſoul; he alſo prayed for Edmund, and recommended him to the divine protection: he then aroſe, and embraced that young man; who, alſo, took a tender leave of his friend Joſeph. They then went, with ſilence and caution, through a long gallery; they deſcended the ſtairs in the ſame manner; they croſſed the hall in profound ſilence, and hardly dared to breath, leſt they ſhould be overheard: they found ſome difficulty in opening one of the folding doors, which at laſt they accompliſhed; they were again in jeopardy at the outward gate; at length they conveyed him ſafely into the ſtables: there they again embraced him, and prayed for his proſperity.

He then mounted his horſe, and ſet forward to Wyatt's cottage; he hallooed at the door,

door, and was answered from within: In a few minutes John came out to him.—What, is it you, Master Edmund?—Hush! said he; not a word of whom I am: I go upon private business, and would not wish to be known. —If you will go forward, Sir, I will soon overtake you: He did so; and they pursued their journey to the north. In the mean time, Oswald and Joseph returned in silence into the house; they retired to their respective apartments without hearing or being heard by any one.

About the dawn of day Oswald intended to lay his packets in the way of those to whom they were addressed; after much contrivance he determined to take a bold step, and, if he were discovered, to frame some excuse. Encouraged by his late success, he went on tip-toe into Master William's chamber, placed a letter upon his pillow, and withdrew unheard. Exulting in his heart, he attempted the Baron's apartment, but found it fastened within; finding this scheme frustrated, he waited till the hour the Baron was expected down to breakfast, and laid the letter and the key of the haunted apartment upon the table.

Soon after, he ſaw the Baron enter the breakfaſt-room; he got out of ſight, but ſtaid within call, preparing himſelf for a ſummons. The Baron ſat down to breakfaſt; he ſaw a letter directed to himſelf, he opened it, and, to his great ſurprize, read as follows:

"The guardian of the haunted apartment "to Baron Fitz-Owen. To thee I remit "the key of my charge, until the right owner "ſhall come, who will both diſcover and "avenge my wrongs; then, woe be to the "guilty! But let the innocent reſt in peace. "In the mean time, let none preſume to ex- "plore the ſecrets of my apartment, leſt they "ſuffer for their temerity."

The Baron was ſtruck with amazement at the letter: he took up the key, examined it, then laid it down, and took up the letter; he was in ſuch confuſion of thought, he knew not what to do or ſay for ſeveral minutes: at length he called his ſervants about him; the firſt queſtion he aſked was,——Where is Edmund?—They could not tell.—Has he been called?—Yes, my Lord, but nobody anſwered, and the key was not in the door—Where is Joſeph?—Gone into the ſtables.—Where is father Oſwald?—In his ſtudy.—Seek him,

and

and desire him to come hither. By the time the Baron had read the letter over again, he came.

He had been framing a steady countenance to answer to all interrogatories; as he came in he attentively observed the Baron, whose features were in strong agitation; as soon as he saw Oswald, he spoke as one out of breath. —Take that key, and read this letter!—He did so, shrugged up his shoulders, and remained silent.—Father, said my Lord, what think you of this letter?—It is a very surprising one.—The contents are alarming; where is Edmund?—I do not know.—Has nobody seen him?—Not that I know of.—Call my sons, my kinsmen, my servants.—The servants came in.—Have any of you seen or heard of Edmund?—No, was the answer.—Father, step up stairs to my sons and kinsmen, and desire them to come down immediately.

Oswald withdrew; and went, first, to Master William's chamber.—My dear Sir you must come to my Lord now directly: he has something extraordinary to communicate to you.—And so have I, father; see what I have found upon my pillow!—Pray, Sir, read it to me before you shew it to any body; my

Lord is alarmed too much already, and wants nothing to increaſe his conſternation. William read this letter, while Oſwald looked as if he was an utter ſtranger to the contents, which were theſe:——

"Whatever may be heard or ſeen, let the "ſeal of friendſhip be upon thy lips. The "peaſant Edmund is no more: but there "ſtill lives a man who hopes to acknow-"ledge, and repay, the Lord Fitz-Owen's "generous care and protection; to return "his beloved William's vowed affection, "and to claim his friendſhip on terms of "equality."

What, ſaid William, can this mean?—It is not eaſy to ſay, replied Oſwald.—Can you tell what is the cauſe of this alarm?—I can tell you nothing, but that my Lord deſires to ſee you directly; pray make haſte down; I muſt go up to your brothers and kinſmen: Nobody knows what to think or believe.

Maſter William went down ſtairs, and father Oſwald went to the malecontents: as ſoon as he entered the outward door of their apartment, Mr. Wenlock called out—Here comes the friend; now for ſome new propoſal!—Gentlemen, ſaid Oſwald, my Lord deſires

desires your company immediately in the breakfast parlour!—What! to meet your favourite Edmund, I suppose? said Mr. Wenlock.—No, Sir.—What then, is the matter? said Sir Robert.—Something very extraordinary has happened, Gentlemen: Edmund is not to be found; he disappeared from the haunted apartment, the key of which was conveyed to my Lord in a strange manner, with a letter from an unknown hand: my Lord is both surprised and concerned, and wishes to have your opinion and advice on the occasion.—Tell him, said Sir Robert, we will wait upon him immediately.

As Oswald went away, he heard Wenlock say,—So Edmund is gone, it is no matter how, or whither.—Another said, I hope the ghost has taken him out of the way. The rest laughed at the conceit, as they followed Oswald down stairs.—They found the Baron and his son William, commenting upon the key and the letter. My Lord gave them to Sir Robert, who looked on them with marks of surprise and confusion. The Baron addressed him:—Is not this a very strange affair? Son Robert, lay aside your ill humours, and behave to your father with the respect and

affection his tenderneſs deſerves from you, and give me your advice and opinion of this alarming ſubject.—My Lord, ſaid Sir Robert, I am as much confounded as yourſelf: I can give no advice: let my couſins ſee the letter; let us have their opinion. They read it in turn; they were equally ſurpriſed: but when it came into Wenlock's hand, he pauſed and meditated ſome minutes; at length—— I am indeed ſurpriſed, and ſtill more concerned, to ſee my Lord and Uncle the dupe of an artful contrivance; and, if he will permit me, I ſhall endeavour to unriddle it, to the confuſion of all that are concerned in it.—Do ſo, Dick, ſaid my Lord, and you ſhall have my thanks for it.—This letter, ſaid he, I imagine to be the contrivance of Edmund, or ſome ingenious friend of his, to conceal ſome deſigns they have againſt the peace of this family, which has been too often diſturbed upon that raſcal's account.—But what end could be propoſed by it? ſaid the Baron.—Why, one part of the ſcheme is to cover Edmund's departure, that is clear enough; for the reſt, we can only gueſs at it: Perhaps he may be concealed ſomewhere in that apartment, from whence he may ruſh

out

out in the night, and either rob or murder us; or at leaſt, alarm and terrify the family. The Baron ſmiled!—You ſhoot beyond the mark, Sir, and overſhoot yourſelf, as you have done before now! you ſhew only your inveteracy againſt that poor lad, whom you cannot mention with temper: to what purpoſe ſhould he ſhut himſelf up there, to be ſtarved?—Starved? no no! he has friends in this houſe (looking at Oſwald) who will not ſuffer him to want any thing: thoſe who have always magnified his virtues, and extenuated his faults, will lend a hand to help him in time of need; and perhaps, to aſſiſt his ingenious contrivances. Oſwald ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and remained ſilent. ——This is a ſtrange fancy of yours, Dick, ſaid my Lord: but I am willing to purſue it; firſt, to diſcover what you drive at; and, ſecondly, to ſatisfy all that are here preſent of the truth or falſehood of it, that they may know what value to ſet upon your ſagacity hereafter. Let us all go over that apartment together; and let Joſeph be called to attend us thither. Oſwald offered to call him, but Wenlock ſtopped him.—No, father, ſaid he, you muſt ſtay with us; we want your ghoſtly counſel

council and advice: Joſeph ſhall have no private conference with you.—What mean you, ſaid Oſwald, to inſinuate to my Lord againſt me, or Joſeph? But your ill-will ſpares nobody. It will one day be known who is the diſturber of the peace of this family; I wait for that time, and am ſilent.

Joſeph came; when he was told whither they were going, he looked hard at Oſwald. Wenlock obſerved them:—Lead the way, father, ſaid he; and Joſeph ſhall follow us. Oſwald ſmiled:—We will go where heaven permits us, ſaid he; alas! the wiſdom of man can neither haſten, nor retard, its decrees.

They followed the father up ſtairs, and went directly to the haunted apartment. The Baron unlocked the door; he bid Joſeph open the ſhutters, and admit the day-light, which had been excluded for many years. They went over the rooms above ſtairs, and then deſcended the ſtaircaſe, and through the lower rooms in the ſame manner. However, they overlooked the cloſet, in which the fatal ſecret was concealed; the door was covered with tapeſtry, the ſame as the room, and united ſo well, that it ſeemed but one piece.

Wenlock

Wenlock tauntingly desired father Oswald, to introduce them to the ghost. The father, in reply, asked them where they should find Edmund?—Do you think, said he, that he lies hid in my pocket, or in Joseph's?—'Tis no matter, answered he; thoughts are free.—My opinion of you, Sir, said Oswald, is not founded upon thoughts: I judge of men by their actions; a rule, I believe, it will not suit you to be tried by.—None of your insolent admonitions, father! returned Wenlock: this is neither the time nor the place for them.—That is truer than you are aware of, Sir; I mean not to enter into the subject just now.—Be silent, said my Lord. I shall enter into this subject with you hereafter; then look you be prepared for it! In the mean time, do you, Dick Wenlock, answer to my questions. Do you think Edmund is concealed in this apartment?—No, Sir.—Do you think there is any mystery in it?—No, my Lord.—Is it haunted, think you?—No, I think not.—Should you be afraid to try?—In what manner, my Lord?—Why, you have shewn your wit upon the subject, and I mean to shew your courage; you, and Jack Markham your confidant, shall sleep here

here three nights, as Edmund has done before.—Sir, ſaid Sir Robert, for what purpoſe? I ſhould be glad to underſtand why.—I have my reaſons, Sir, as well as your kinſmen there.—No reply, Sirs! I inſiſt upon being obeyed in this point. Joſeph, let the beds be well aired, and every thing made agreeable to the Gentlemen: if there is any contrivance to impoſe upon me, they, I am ſure, will have pleaſure in detecting it; and, if not, I ſhall obtain my end in making theſe rooms habitable. Oſwald, come with me; and the reſt may go where they liſt till dinner-time.

The Baron went with Oſwald into the parlour. Now, tell me father, ſaid he, do you diſapprove what I have done?—Quite the contrary, my Lord, ſaid he; I entirely approve it.—But you do not know all my reaſons for it. Yeſterday Edmund's behaviour was different from what I have ever ſeen it; he is naturally frank and open in all his ways; but he was then ſilent, thoughtful, abſent; he ſighed deeply, and once I ſaw tears ſtand in his eyes: Now, I do ſuſpect there is ſomething uncommon in that apartment; that Edmund has diſcovered the ſecret: and, fearing to diſcloſe it, he is fled away from

from the houſe. As to this letter, perhaps, he may have written it to hint that there is more than he dares reveal; I tremble at the hints contained in it, though I ſhall appear to make light of it: but I and mine are innocent; and if Heaven diſcloſes the guilt of others, I ought to adore and ſubmit to its decrees.—That is prudently and piouſly reſolved, my Lord; let us do our duty, and leave events to Heaven.—But, father, I have a further view in obliging my kinſmen to ſleep there: if any thing ſhould appear to them, it is better that it ſhould only be known to my own family; if there is nothing in it, I ſhall put to the proof the courage and veracity of my two kinſmen, of whom I think very indifferently. I mean ſhortly to enquire into many things I have heard lately to their diſadvantage; and, if I find them guilty, they ſhall not eſcape with impunity.—My Lord, ſaid Oſwald, you judge like yourſelf; I wiſh you to make inquiry concerning them, and believe the reſult will be to their confuſion, and your Lordſhip will be enabled to re-eſtabliſh the peace of your family.

During this converſation, Oſwald was upon his guard, leſt any thing ſhould eſcape that

that might create ſuſpicion. He withdrew as ſoon as he could with decency, and left the Baron meditating what all theſe things ſhould mean: he feared there was ſome misfortune impending over his houſe, though he knew not from what cauſe.

He dined with his children and kinſmen, and ſtrove to appear chearful; but a gloom was perceivable through his deportment. Sir Robert was reſerved and reſpectful; Mr. William was ſilent and attentive; the reſt of the family dutifully aſſiduous to my Lord: only Wenlock and Markham were ſullen and chagrined. The Baron detained the young men the whole afternoon; he ſtrove to amuſe and to be amuſed; he ſhewed the greateſt affection and parental regard to his children, and endeavoured to conciliate their affections, and engage their gratitude by kindneſs. Wenlock and Markham felt their courage abate as the night approached: at the hour of nine, old Joſeph came to conduct them to the haunted apartment; they took leave of their kinſmen, and went up ſtairs with heavy hearts.

They found the chamber ſet in order for them, and a table ſpread with proviſion and good

good liquor to keep up their ſpirits.—It ſeems, ſaid Wenlock, that your friend Edmund was obliged to you for his accommodations here.—Sir, ſaid Joſeph, his accommodations were bad enough the firſt night; but, afterwards, they were bettered by my Lord's orders.—Owing to your officious cares, ſaid Wenlock:—I own it, ſaid Joſeph, and I am not aſhamed of it.—Are you not anxious to know what is become of him? ſaid Markham.—Not at all, Sir; I truſt he is in the beſt protection; ſo good a young man as he is, is ſafe every where.—You ſee, couſin Jack, ſaid Wenlock, how this villain has ſtole the hearts of my uncle's ſervants: I ſuppoſe this canting old fellow knows where he is, if the truth were known.—Have you any further commands for me, Gentlemen? ſaid the old man.—No, not we.—Then I am ordered to attend my Lord, when you have done with me.—Go, then, about your buſineſs. Joſeph went away, glad to be diſmiſſed.

What ſhall we do, couſin Jack, ſaid Wenlock, to paſs away the time? it is plaguy dull ſitting here.—Dull enough, ſaid Markham; I think the beſt thing we can do, is to go to bed, and ſleep it away.—Faith, ſays Wenlock,

I am

I am in no diſpoſition to ſleep! Who would have thought the old man would have obliged us to ſpend the night here?—Don't ſay *us*, I beg of you; it was all your own doing, replied Markham.—I did not intend he ſhould have taken me at my word.—Then you ſhould have ſpoken more cautiouſly. I have always been governed by you, like a fool as I am; you play the braggart, and I ſuffer for it: But they begin to ſee through your fine-ſpun arts and contrivances, and I believe you will meet with your deſerts one day or other. —What now? do you mean to affront me, Jack? Know, that ſome are born to plan, others to execute; I am one of the former, thou of the latter: Know your friend, or ——Or what? replied Markham; do you mean to threaten me? If you do!—What then, ſaid Wenlock.—Why, then, I will try which of us two is the beſt man, Sir! Upon this Markham aroſe, and put himſelf into a poſture of defence. Wenlock perceiving he was ſerious in his anger, beganto ſoothe him; he perſuaded, he flattered, he promiſed great things, if he would be compoſed, Markham was ſullen, uneaſy, reſentful; whenever he ſpoke, it was to upbraid Wenlock with

with his treachery and falſehood. Wenlock tried all his eloquence to get him into a good humour, but in vain; he threatened to acquaint his Uncle with all that he knew, and to exculpate himſelf at the other's expence. Wenlock began to find his choler riſe; they were both almoſt choaked with rage; and, at length, they both roſe with a reſolution to fight.

As they ſtood with their fiſts clenched, on a ſudden they were alarmed with a diſmal groan from the room underneath. They ſtood like ſtatues, petrified by fear, yet liſtening with trembling expectation: A ſecond groan increaſed their conſternation; and, ſoon after, a third completed it. They ſtaggered to a ſeat, and ſunk down upon it, ready to faint; preſently, all the doors flew open, a pale glimmering light appeared at the door, from the ſtaircaſe, and a man in complete armour entered the room: He ſtood with one hand extended, pointing to the outward door; they took the hint, and crawled away as faſt as fear would let them; they ſtaggered along the gallery, and from thence to the Baron's apartment, where Wenlock ſunk down

down in a ſwoon, and Markham had juſt ſtrength enough to knock at the door.

The ſervant who ſlept in the outward room alarmed his Lord: Markham cried out—For Heaven's ſake, let us in! Upon hearing his voice, the door was opened, and Markham approached his Uncle in ſuch an attitude of fear, as excited a degree of it in the Baron. He pointed to Wenlock, who was with ſome difficulty recovered from the fit he was fallen into; the ſervant was terrified, he rung the alarm-bell; the ſervants came running from all parts to their Lord's apartment; The young Gentlemen came likewiſe, and preſently all was confuſion, and the terror was univerſal. Oſwald, who gueſſed the buſineſs, was the only one that could queſtion them; he aſked ſeveral times,—What is the matter? Markham at laſt anſwered him:—We have ſeen the ghoſt!—All regard to ſecreſy was now at an end; the echo ran through the whole family:—They have ſeen the ghoſt!

The Baron deſired Oſwald to talk to the young men, and endeavour to quiet the diſturbance. He came forward; he comforted ſome, he rebuked others; he bad the ſervants retire into the outward room: The

Baron

Baron, with his ſons and kinſmen, remained in the bed-chamber.—It is very unfortunate, ſaid Oſwald, that this affair ſhould be made ſo public; ſurely theſe young men might have related what they had ſeen, without alarming the whole family; I am very much concerned upon my Lord's account.—I thank you, father, ſaid the Baron; but prudence was quite overthrown here: Wenlock was half dead, and Markham half diſtracted; the family were alarmed without my being able to prevent it: But let us hear what theſe poor terrified creatures ſay. Oſwald demanded, —What have you ſeen, Gentlemen?—The ghoſt! ſaid Markham.—In what form did it appear?—A man in armour.—Did it ſpeak to you?—No.—What did it do to terrify you ſo much?—It ſtood at the fartheſt door, and pointed to the outward door, as if to have us leave the room; we did not wait for a ſecond notice, but came away as faſt as we could.—Did it follow you?—No.—Then you need not have raiſed ſuch a diſturbance. Wenlock lifted up his head, and ſpoke:—I believe, father, if you had been with us, you would not have ſtood upon ceremonies any more than we did. I wiſh my Lord would ſend you to

parley

parley with the ghoſt; for without doubt, you are better qualified than we.—My Lord, ſaid Oſwald, I will go thither, with your permiſſion; I will ſee that every thing is ſafe, and bring the key back to you: Perhaps this may help to diſpel the fears that have been raiſed; at leaſt, I will try to do it.——I thank you, father, for your good offices; do as you pleaſe.

Oſwald went into the outward room. I am going, ſaid he, to ſhut up the apartment: The young gentlemen have been more frightened than they had occaſion for; I will try to account for it. Which of you will go with me? They all drew back, except Joſeph, who offered to bear him company. They went into the bed-room in the haunted apartment, and found every thing quiet there. They put out the fire, extinguiſhed the lights, locked the door, and brought away the key. As they returned,—I thought how it would be, ſaid Joſeph. Huſh! not a word, ſaid Oſwald; you find we are ſuſpected of ſomething, though they know not what. Wait till you are called upon, and then we will both ſpeak to purpoſe. They carried the key to the Baron.

All

All is quiet in the apartment, ſaid Oſwald, as we can teſtify.—Did you aſk Joſeph to go with you, ſaid the Baron, or did he offer himſelf?—My Lord, I aſked if any body would go with me, and they all declined it but he; I thought proper to have a witneſs beſide myſelf, for whatever might be ſeen or heard. —Joſeph, you was ſervant to the late Lord Lovel; what kind of man was he?—A very comely man, pleaſe your Lordſhip.—Should you know him if you were to ſee him?—I cannot ſay, my Lord.—Would you have any objection to ſleep a night in that apartment?—I beg,—I hope,—I beſeech your Lordſhip not to command me to do it!—You are then afraid; why did you offer yourſelf to go thither?—Becauſe I was not ſo much frightened as the reſt.—I wiſh you would lie a night there; but I do not inſiſt upon it.—My Lord, I am a poor ignorant old man, not fit for ſuch an undertaking: beſide, if I ſhould ſee the ghoſt, and if it ſhould be the perſon of my Maſter, and if it ſhould tell me any thing, and bid me keep it ſecret, I ſhould not dare to diſcloſe it; and then what ſervice ſhould I do your Lordſhip?—That is true, indeed, ſaid the Baron.

This ſpeech, ſaid Sir Robert, is both a ſimple and an artful one: you ſee, however, that Joſeph is not a man for us to depend upon: he regards the Lord Lovel, though dead, more than Lord Fitz-Owen, living; he calls him his Maſter, and promiſes to keep his ſecrets. What ſay you, father? Is the ghoſt your Maſter, or your friend? are you under any obligation to keep his ſecrets?—Sir, ſaid Oſwald, I anſwer as Joſeph does; I would ſooner die than diſcover a ſecret revealed in that manner.—I thought as much, ſaid Sir Robert; there is a myſtery in father Oſwald's behaviour, which I cannot comprehend.—Do not reflect upon the father, ſaid the Baron, I have no cauſe to complain of him; perhaps the myſtery may be too ſoon explained: but let us not anticipate evils. Oſwald and Joſeph have ſpoken like good men; I am ſatisfied with their anſwers: let us, who are innocent, reſt in peace; and let us endeavour to reſtore peace in the family; and do you father, aſſiſt us.—With my beſt ſervices, ſaid Oſwald. He called the ſervants in: let nothing be mentioned out of doors, ſaid he, of what has lately paſſed within, eſpecially in the eaſt apartment; the young

Gentlemen

Gentlemen had not ſo much reaſon to be frightened as they apprehended; a piece of furniture fell down in the rooms underneath, which made the noiſe that alarmed them ſo much: but I can certify that all things in the rooms are in quiet, and there is nothing to fear. All of you attend me in the chapel in an hour; do your duties, put your truſt in God, and obey your Lord, and you will find every thing go right as it uſed to do.

They diſperſed; the ſun roſe, the day came on, and every thing went on in the uſual courſe: but the ſervants were not ſo eaſily ſatisfied; they whiſpered that ſomething was wrong, and expected the time that ſhould ſet all right.—The mind of the Baron was employed in meditating upon theſe circumſtances, that ſeemed to him the forerunners of ſome great events: he ſometimes thought of Edmund; he ſighed for his expulſion, and lamented the uncertainty of his fate; but, to his family, he appeared eaſy, and ſatisfied.

From the time of Edmund's departure, the fair Emma had many uneaſy hours; ſhe wiſhed to inquire after him, but feared to ſhew any ſolicitude concerning him: The next day, when her brother William came

into her apartment, ſhe took courage to aſk a queſtion.—Pray, brother, can you give any gueſs what is become of Edmund?—No, ſaid he (with a ſigh); why do you aſk me?—Becauſe, my dear William, I ſhould think if any body knew it muſt be you; and I thought he loved you too well to leave you in ignorance; but don't you think he left the Caſtle in a very ſtrange manner?—I do, my dear; there is a myſtery in every circumſtance of his departure: nevertheleſs (I will truſt you with a ſecret) he did not leave the Caſtle without making a diſtinction in my favour.—I thought ſo, ſaid ſhe; but you might tell *me* what you know about him.—Alas! my dear Emma! I know nothing: When I ſaw him laſt, he ſeemed a good deal affected, as if he were taking leave of me; and I had a foreboding that we parted for a longer time than uſual. Ah! ſo had I, ſaid ſhe, when he parted from me in the garden.—What leave did he take of you, Emma?—She bluſhed and heſitated to tell him all that paſſed between them; but he begged, perſuaded, inſiſted; and at length, under the ſtrongeſt injunctions of ſecreſy, ſhe told him all. He ſaid, that Edmund's behaviour on

that

that occaſion was as myſterious as the reſt of his conduct; but now you have revealed your ſecret, you have a right to know mine. He then gave her the letter he found upon his pillow; ſhe read it with great emotion. Saint Winifred aſſiſt me! ſaid ſhe: what can I think? "The peaſant Edmund is no more "but there lives one,"——that is, to my thinking, Edmund lives, but is no peaſant.—Go on, my dear, ſaid William; I like your explanation.—Nay, brother, I only gueſs; but what think you? I believe we think alike in more than one reſpect, that he meant to recommend no other perſon than himſelf to your favour; and, if he were indeed of noble birth, I would prefer him to a prince for a huſband to my Emma!—Bleſs me, ſaid ſhe, do you think it poſſible that he ſhould be of either birth or fortune?—It is hard to ſay what is poſſible! we have proof that the eaſt apartment is haunted: It was there that Edmund was made acquainted with many ſecrets, I doubt not; and, perhaps, his own fate may be involved in that of others. I am confident that what he ſaw and heard there, was the cauſe of his departure. We muſt wait with patience the unravelling this intri-

cate affair: I believe I need not enjoin your ſecreſy as to what I have ſaid; your heart will be my ſecurity.—What mean you, brother? Don't affect ignorance, my dear; you love Edmund, ſo do I: it is nothing to be aſhamed of: It would have been ſtrange, if a girl of your good ſenſe had not diſtinguiſhed a ſwan among a flock of geeſe.—Dear William don't let a word of this eſcape you; but you have taken a weight off my heart. You may depend that I will not diſpoſe of my hand or heart till I know the end of this affair. William ſmiled: Keep them for Edmund's *friend:* I ſhall rejoice to ſee him in a ſituation to aſk them.—Huſh, my brother! not a word more; I hear footſteps. They were her eldeſt brother's, who came to aſk Mr. William to ride out with him, which finiſhed the conference.

The fair Emma from this time aſſumed an air of ſatisfaction; and William frequently ſtole away from his companions to talk with his ſiſter upon their favourite ſubject.

While theſe things paſſed at the Caſtle of Lovel, Edmund, and his companion John Wyatt, proceeded on their journey to Sir Philip Harclay's ſeat; they converſed together on

on the way, and Edmund found him a man of underſtanding, though not improved by education; he alſo diſcovered that John loved his Maſter, and reſpected him even to veneration; from him he learned many particulars concerning that worthy Knight. Wyatt told him, that Sir Philip maintained twelve old ſoldiers who had been maimed and diſabled in the wars, and had no proviſion made for them; alſo ſix old officers, who had been unfortunate, and were grown grey without preferment; he likewiſe mentioned the Greek Gentleman, his maſter's captive and friend, as a man eminent for valour and piety; but, beſide theſe, ſaid Wyatt, there are many others who eat of my Maſter's bread, and drink of his cup, and who join in bleſſings and prayers to Heaven for their noble benefactor; his ears are ever open to diſtreſs his hand to relieve it, and he ſhares in every good man's joys and bleſſings.—Oh, what a glorious character! ſaid Edmund; how my heart throbs with wiſhes to imitate ſuch a man? Oh, that I might reſemble him though at ever ſo great a diſtance! Edmund was never weary of hearing the actions of this truly great man, nor Wyatt with relating

them; and, during three days journey, there were but few pauſes in their converſation.

The fourth day, when they came within view of the houſe, Edmund's heart began to raiſe doubts of his reception.—If, ſaid he, Sir Philip ſhould not receive me kindly, if he ſhould reſent my long neglect, and diſown my acquaintance, it would be no more than juſtice.

He ſent Wyatt before, to notify his arrival to Sir Philip, while he waited at the gate, full of doubts and anxieties concerning his reception. Wyatt was met and congratulated on his return by moſt of his fellow-ſervants; he aſked,—Where is my Maſter?—In the parlour.—Are any ſtrangers with him?—No, only his own family.—Then I will ſhew myſelf to him He preſented himſelf before Sir Philip.—So, John, ſaid he, you are welcome home! I hope you left your parents and relations well. All well, thank God! and ſend their humble duty to your Honour, and they pray for you every day of their lives; I hope your Honour is in good health.—Very well.—Thank God for that! but, Sir, I have ſomething further to tell you; I have had a companion all the way home, a perſon who comes

comes to wait on your Honour, on buſineſs of great conſequence, as he ſays.—Who is that, John?—It is Maſter Edmund Twyford, from the Caſtle of Lovel—Young Edmund! ſays Sir Philip ſurpriſed: Where is he?—At the gate, Sir—Why did you leave him there?—Becauſe he bad me come before, and acquaint your Honour, that he waits your pleaſure.—Bring him hither, ſaid Sir Philip; tell him I ſhall be glad to ſee him.

John made haſte to deliver his meſſage, and Edmund followed him in ſilence into Sir Philip's preſence: He bowed low, and kept at diſtance. Sir Philip held out his hand, and bad him approach. As he drew near, he was ſeized with an univerſal trembling; he kneeled down, took his hand, kiſſed it, and preſſed it to his heart in ſilence.

You are welcome, young man! ſaid Sir Philip; take courage, and ſpeak for yourſelf. Edmund ſighed deeply; he at length broke ſilence with difficulty.—I am come thus far, noble Sir, to throw myſelf at your feet, and implore your protection. You are, under God, my only reliance.—I receive you, ſaid Sir Philip, with all my heart! Your perſon is greatly improved ſince I ſaw you laſt, and

I hope your mind is equally ſo; I have heard a great character of you from ſome that knew you in France. I remember the promiſe I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to diſgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you; and am ready to ſerve you in any thing conſiſtent with my own honour. Edmund kiſſed the hand that was extended to raiſe him.—I accept your favour, Sir, upon this condition only; and if ever you find me to impoſe upon your credulity, or encroach on your goodneſs, may you renounce me from that moment!—Enough, ſaid Sir Philip; riſe, then, and let me embrace you: You are truly welcome!—Oh, noble Sir, ſaid Edmund, I have a ſtrange ſtory to tell you; but it muſt be by ourſelves, with only Heaven to bear witneſs to what paſſes between us.—Very well, ſaid Sir Philip; I am ready to hear you: But firſt, go and get ſome refreſhment after your journey, and then come to me again: John Wyatt will attend you. I want no refreſhment, ſaid Edmund; and I cannot eat or drink till I have told my buſineſs to your Honour. Well then, ſaid Sir Philip, come along

along with me. He took the youth by the hand, and led him into another parlour, leaving his friends in great ſurpriſe, what this young man's errand could be: John Wyatt told them all that he knew relating to Edmund's birth, character, and ſituation.

When Sir Philip had ſeated his young friend, he liſtened in ſilence to the ſurpriſing tale he had to tell him. Edmund told him briefly the moſt remarkable circumſtances of his life, from the time when he firſt ſaw and liked him, till his return from France; but from that æra, he related at large every thing that had happened, recounting every intereſting particular, which was imprinted on his memory in ſtrong and laſting characters.—Sir Philip grew every moment more affected by the recital; ſometimes he claſped his hands together, he lifted them up to Heaven, he ſmote his breaſt, he ſighed, he exclaimed aloud; when Edmund related his dream, he breathed ſhort, and ſeemed to devour him with attention; when he deſcribed the fatal cloſet, he trembled, ſighed, ſobbed, and was almoſt ſuffocated with his agitations: But when he related all that had paſſed between his ſuppoſed mother and himſelf, and finally pro-

duced the jewels, the proofs of his birth, and the death of his unfortunate mother—he flew to him, he preſſed him to his boſom, he ſtrove to ſpeak, but ſpeech was for ſome minutes denied: He wept aloud; and, at length, his words found their way in broken exclamations—Son of my deareſt friend!—dear and precious relic of a noble houſe!—child of Providence!—the beloved of Heaven!—welcome! thrice welcome to my arms!—to my heart!—I will be thy parent from henceforward, and thou ſhalt be indeed my child, my heir! My mind told me from the firſt moment I beheld thee, that thou wert the image of my friend! my heart then opened itſelf to receive thee, as his offspring. I had a ſtrange foreboding that I was to be thy protector. I would then have made thee my own; but Heaven orders things for the beſt; it made thee the inſtrument of this diſcovery and in its own time and manner conducted thee to my arms. Praiſe be to God for his wonderful doings toward the children of men! every thing that has befallen thee is by his direction, and he will not leave his work unfiniſhed; I truſt that I ſhall be his inſtrument to do juſtice on the guilty, and to

reſtore

reſtore the orphan of my friend to his rights and title. I devote myſelf to this ſervice, and will make it the buſineſs of my life to effect it.

Edmund gave vent to his emotions, in raptures of joy and gratitude. They ſpent ſeveral hours in this way, without thinking of the time that paſſed; the one enquiring, the other explaining and repeating, every particular of the intereſting ſtory.

At length they were interrupted by the careful John Wyatt, who was anxious to know if any thing was likely to give trouble to his Maſter.—Sir, ſaid John, it grows dark, do you want a light?—We want no light but what Heaven gives us, ſaid Sir Philip; I knew not whether it was dark or light.—I hope, ſaid John, nothing has happened, I hope your Honour has heard no bad tidings,—I—I—I hope no offence.—None at all, ſaid the good Knight; I am obliged to your ſolicitude for me: I have heard ſome things that grieve me, and others that give me great pleaſure; but the ſorrows are paſt, and the joys remain.—Thank God! ſaid John; I was afraid ſomething was the matter to give your Honour trouble.—I thank you, my good ſervant!

ſervant! You ſee this young gentleman; I would have you, John, devote yourſelf to his ſervice: I give you to him for an attendant on his perſon, and would have you ſhew your affection to me by your attachment to him.—Oh, Sir! ſaid John, in a melancholy voice, what have I done to be turned out of your ſervice?—No ſuch matter, John, ſaid Sir Philip; you will not leave my ſervice.—Sir, ſaid John, I would rather die than leave you.—And, my lad, I like you too well to part with you; but in ſerving my friend you will ſerve me: Know that this young man is my ſon. Your ſon, Sir! ſaid John. Not my natural ſon, but my relation; my ſon by adoption, my heir!—And will he live with you, Sir?—Yes, John; and I hope to die with him. Oh, then, I will ſerve him with all my heart and ſoul: and I will do my beſt to pleaſe you both.—I thank you, John, and I will not forget your honeſt love and duty: I have ſo good an opinion of you that I will tell you of ſome things concerning this gentleman that will entitle him to your reſpect.—'Tis enough for me, ſaid John, to know that your Honour reſpects him, to make me pay him as much duty as yourſelf. But, John, when

when you know him better, you will reſpect him ſtill more; at preſent I ſhall only tell you what he is not, for you think him only the ſon of Andrew Twyford.—And is he not, ſaid John?—No, but his wife nurſed him, and he paſſed for her ſon.—And does old Twyford know it, Sir?—He does, and will bear witneſs to it; but he is the ſon of a near friend of mine, of quality ſuperior to my own, and as ſuch you muſt ſerve and reſpect him. ——I ſhall, to be ſure, Sir; but what name ſhall I call him?—You ſhall know that hereafter; in the mean time bring a light, and wait on us to the other parlour.

When John was withdrawn, Sir Philip ſaid, that is a point to be conſidered and determined immediately: It is proper that you ſhould aſſume a name till you can take that of your father; for I chooſe you ſhould drop that of your foſter-father; and I would have you be called by one that is reſpectable.—In that, and every other point, I will be wholly governed by you, Sir, ſaid Edmund. —Well then, I will give you the name of Seagrave: I ſhall ſay that you are a relation of my own; and my mother was really of that family.

John

John ſoon returned, and attended them into the other parlour: Sir Philip entered with Edmund in his hand.—My friends, ſaid he, this gentleman is Mr. Edward Seagrave, the ſon of a dear friend and relation of mine: He was loſt in his infancy, brought up by a good woman out of pure humanity, and is but lately reſtored to his own family. The circumſtances ſhall be made known hereafter: In the mean time, I have taken him under my care and protection, and will uſe all my power and intereſt to ſee him reſtored to his fortune, which is enjoyed by the uſurper who was the cauſe of his expulſion, and the death of his parents. Receive him as my relation, and friend: Zadiſky, do you embrace him firſt. Edmund, you and this gentleman muſt love each other for my ſake; hereafter you will do it for your own. They all roſe, each embraced and congratulated the young man. Zadiſky ſaid, Sir, whatever griefs and misfortunes you may have endured, you may reckon them at an end, from the hour you are beloved and protected by Sir Philip Harclay.—I firmly believe it, Sir, replied Edmund: and my heart enjoys, already, more happineſs than I ever yet felt, and promiſes me

me all that I can wiſh in future: his friendſhip is the earneſt Heaven gives me of its bleſſings hereafter.

They ſat down to ſupper with mutual chearfulneſs; and Edmund enjoyed the repaſt with more ſatisfaction than he had felt a long time. Sir Philip ſaw his countenance brighten up, and looked on him with heart-felt pleaſure.—Every time I look on you, ſaid he, reminds me of your father; you are the ſame perſon I loved twenty-three years ago: I rejoice to ſee you under my roof. Go to your repoſe early, and to-morrow we will conſult farther. Edmund withdrew, and enjoyed a night of ſweet undiſturbed repoſe.

The next morning Edmund aroſe in perfect health and ſpirits; he waited on his benefactor. They were ſoon after joined by Zadiſky, who ſhewed great attention and reſpect to the youth, and offered him his beſt ſervices without reſerve. Edmund accepted them with equal reſpect and modeſty; and finding himſelf at eaſe, began to diſplay his amiable qualities. They breakfaſted together; afterwards, Sir Philip deſired Edmund to walk out with him.

As

As ſoon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip ſaid,—I could not ſleep laſt night for thinking of your affairs; I laid ſchemes for you, and rejected them again. We muſt lay our plan before we begin to act. What ſhall be done with this treacherous kinſman! this inhuman monſter! this aſſaſſin of his neareſt relation? I will riſk my life and fortune to bring him to juſtice. Shall I go to court, and demand juſtice of the King? or ſhall I accuſe him of the murder, and make him ſtand a public trial? if I treat him as a Baron of the realm, he muſt be tried by his peers; if as a commoner, he muſt be tried at the county aſſize: but we muſt ſhew reaſon why he ſhould be degraded from his title. Have you any thing to propoſe?—Nothing, Sir; I have only to wiſh that it might be as private as poſſible, for the ſake of my noble benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, upon whom ſome part of the family diſgrace would naturally fall; and that would be an ill return for all his kindneſs and generoſity to me. That is a generous and grateful conſideration on your part; but you owe ſtill more to the memory of your injured parents. However, there is yet another way that ſuits me better than any hitherto

hitherto propoſed: I will challenge the traitor to meet me in the field; and, if he has ſpirit enough to anſwer my call, I will there bring him to juſtice; if not, I will bring him to a public trial.

No, Sir, ſaid Edmund, that is my province. Should I ſtand by and ſee my noble, gallant friend expoſe his life for me, I ſhould be unworthy to bear the name of that friend whom you ſo much lament. It will become his ſon to vindicate his name, and revenge his death. I will be the challenger, and no other.—And do you think he will anſwer the challenge of an unknown youth, with nothing but his pretenſions to his name and title? Certainly not. Leave this matter to me: I'll think of a way that will oblige him to meet me at the houſe of a third perſon who is known to all the parties concerned, and where we will have authentic witneſſes of all that paſſes between him and me. I will deviſe the time, place, and manner, and ſatisfy all your ſcruples. Edmund offered to reply; but Sir Philip bad him be ſilent, and let him proceed in his own way.

He then led him over his eſtate, and ſhewed him every thing deſerving his notice: he told him,

him all the particulars of his domeſtic œconomy; and they returned home in time to meet their friends at dinner.

They ſpent ſeveral days in conſulting how to bring Sir Walter to account, and in improving their friendſhip and confidence in each other. Edmund endeared himſelf ſo much to his friend and patron, that he declared him his adopted ſon and heir before all his friends and ſervants, and ordered them to reſpect him as ſuch. He every day improved their love and regard for him, and became the darling of the whole family.

After much conſideration, Sir Philip fixed his reſolutions, and began to execute his purpoſes. He ſet out for the ſeat of the Lord Clifford, attended by Edmund, M. Zadiſky, and two ſervants. Lord Clifford received them with kindneſs and hoſpitality.

Sir Philip preſented Edmund to Lord Clifford and his family, as his near relation and preſumptive heir: they ſpent their evening in the pleaſures of convivial mirth and hoſpitable entertainment. The next day Sir Philip began to open his mind to Lord Clifford, informing him that both his young friend and himſelf had received great injuries from the preſent

preſent Lord Lovel, for which they were reſolved to call him to account; but that, for many reaſons, they were deſirous to have proper witneſſes of all that ſhould paſs between them, and begging the favour of his Lordſhip to be the principal one. Lord Clifford acknowledged the confidence placed in him; and beſought Sir Philip to let him be the arbitrator between them. Sir Philip aſſured him, that their wrongs would not admit of arbitration, as he ſhould hereafter judge; but that he was unwilling to explain them further till he knew certainly whether or not the Lord Lovel would meet him; for, if he refuſed, he muſt take another method with him.

Lord Clifford was deſirous to know the grounds of the quarrel; but Sir Philip declined entering into particulars at preſent, aſſuring him of a full information hereafter. He then ſent M. Zadiſky, attended by John Wyatt, and a ſervant of Lord Clifford, with a letter to Lord Lovel; the contents were as follow:

"My Lord Lovel!

"Sir Philip Harclay earneſtly deſires to "ſee you at the houſe of Lord Clifford, "where he waits to call you to account for "the

" the injuries done by you to the late Ar-
" thur Lord Lovel, your kinſman: if you
" accept his demand, he will make the Lord
" Clifford a witneſs and a judge of the cauſe;
" if not, he will expoſe you publicly as a
" traitor and a coward. Pleaſe to anſwer
" this letter, and he will acquaint you with
" the time, place, and manner of the meet-
" ing.

" PHILIP HARCLAY."

Zadiſky preſented the letter to Lord Lovel, informing him that he was the friend of Sir Philip Harclay. He ſeemed ſurpriſed and confounded at the contents; but, putting on an haughty air; I know nothing, ſaid he, of the buſineſs this letter hints at: but wait a few hours, and I will give you an anſwer. He gave orders to treat Zadiſky as a gentleman in every reſpect, except in avoiding his company; for the Greek had a ſhrewd and penetrating aſpect, and he obſerved every turn of his countenance. The next day he came and apologized for his abſence, and gave him the anſwer, ſending his reſpects to the Lord Clifford. The meſſengers returned with all ſpeed, and Sir Philip read the anſwer before all preſent.

" Lord

"Lord Lovel knows not of any injuries "done by him to the late Arthur Lord Lo- "vel, whom he ſucceeded by juſt right of "inheritance; nor of any right Sir Philip "Harclay has, to call to account a man to "whom he is barely known, having ſeen "him only once, many years ago, at the "houſe of his uncle, the old Lord Lovel: "Nevertheleſs, Lord Lovel will not ſuffer "any man to call his name and honour into "queſtion with impunity; for which reaſon "he will meet Sir Philip Harclay at any "time, place, and in what manner he ſhall "appoint, bringing the ſame number of "friends and dependents, that juſtice may "be done to all parties.

"LOVEL."

'Tis well, ſaid Sir Philip: I am glad to find he has the ſpirit to meet me; he is an enemy worthy of my ſword. Lord Clifford then propoſed, that all parties ſhould paſs the borders, and obtain leave of the warden of the Scottiſh marches to decide the quarrel in his juriſdiction, with a ſelect number of friends on both ſides. Sir Philip agreed to the propoſal; and Lord Clifford wrote in his own name to aſk permiſſion of the Lord Graham, that

that his friends might come there; and obtained it, on condition that neither party ſhould exceed a limited number of friends and followers.

Lord Clifford ſent choſen meſſengers to Lord Lovel, acquainting him with the conditions, and appointing the time, place, and manner of their meeting, and that he had been deſired to accept the office of judge of the field. Lord Lovel accepted the conditions, and promiſed to be there without fail. Lord Clifford notified the ſame to Lord Graham, warden of the marches, who cauſed a piece of ground to be encloſed for the liſts, and made preparations againſt the day appointed.

In the interim, Sir Philip Harclay thought proper to ſettle his worldly affairs: he made Zadiſky acquainted with every circumſtance of Edmund's hiſtory, and the obligation that lay upon him to revenge the death of his friend, and ſee juſtice done to his heir. Zadiſky entered in the cauſe with an ardour that ſpoke the affection he bore to his friend. Why, ſaid he, would you not ſuffer me to engage this traitor?—Your life is of too much conſequence to be ſtaked againſt his: but though I truſt that the juſtice of your cauſe muſt ſucceed, yet, if it ſhould happen otherwiſe,

wife, I vow to revenge you; he shall never go back from us both: However, my hope and trust is, to see your arm the minister of justice. Sir Philip then sent for a lawyer and made his will, by which he appointed Edmund his chief heir, by the name of Lovel, alias Seagrave, alias Twyford: he ordered that all his old friends, soldiers, and servants, should be maintained in the same manner during their lives; he left to Zadisky an annuity of an hundred a year, and a legacy of two hundred pounds; one hundred pounds to a certain monastery; the same sum to be distributed among disbanded soldiers, and the same to the poor and needy in his neighbourhood.

He appointed Lord Clifford joint executor with Edmund, and gave his will into that nobleman's care, recommending Edmund to his favour and protection. If I live, said he, I will make him appear to be worthy of it; if I die, he will want a friend. I am desirous your Lordship, as a judge of the field, should be unprejudiced on their side, that you may judge impartially. If I die, Edmund's pretensions die with me; but my friend Zadisky will acquaint you with the foundation of them. I take these precautions, because I ought to be prepared for every thing; but

my heart is warm with better hopes, and I truſt I ſhall live to juſtify my own cauſe, as well as that of my friend, who is a perſon of more conſequence than he appears to be. Lord Clifford accepted the truſt, and expreſſed the greateſt reliance upon Sir Philip's honour and veracity.

While theſe preparations were making for the great event that was to decide the pretenſions of Edmund, his enemies at the caſtle of Lovel were brought to ſhame for their behaviour to him.

The diſagreement between Wenlock and Markham had by degrees brought on an explanation of ſome parts of their conduct. Father Oſwald had often hinted to the Baron, Wenlock's envy of Edmund's ſuperior qualities, and the artifices by which he had obtained ſuch an influence with Sir Robert, as to make him take his part upon all occaſions. Oſwald now took advantage of the breach between theſe two incendiaries, to perſuade Markham to juſtify himſelf at Wenlock's expence, and to tell all he knew of his wickedneſs; at length he promiſed to declare all he knew of Wenlock's conduct, as well in France as ſince their return, when he ſhould be

be called upon; and, by him, Oſwald was enabled to unravel the whole of his contrivances againſt the honour, intereſt, and even life of Edmund.

He prevailed on Hewſon, and Kemp his aſſociate, to add their teſtimony to the others. Hewſon confeſſed that he was touched in his conſcience, when he reflected on the cruelty and injuſtice of his behaviour to Edmund, whoſe behaviour towards him, after he had laid a ſnare for his life, was ſo noble and generous, that he was cut to the heart by it, and had ſuffered ſo much pain and remorſe, that he longed for nothing ſo much as an opportunity to unburden his mind; but the dread of Mr. Wenlock's anger, and the effects of his reſentment, had hitherto kept him ſilent, always hoping there would come a time, when he might have leave to declare the whole truth.

Oſwald conveyed this information to the Baron's ear, who waited for an opportunity to make the proper uſe of it. Not long after, the two principal incendiaries came to an open rupture, and Markham threatened Wenlock that he would ſhew his uncle what a ſerpent he had harboured in his boſom.

The Baron arreſted his words, and inſiſted upon telling all he knew: adding, if you ſpeak the truth, I will ſupport you; but if you prove falſe, I will puniſh you ſeverely: As to Mr. Wenlock, he ſhall have a fair trial; and, if all the accuſations I have heard are made good, it is high time that I ſhould put him out of my family. The Baron with a ſtern aſpect, bade them follow him into the great hall; and ſent for all the reſt of the family together.

He then with great ſolemnity told them he was ready to hear all ſides of the queſtion. He declared the whole ſubſtance of his informations, and called upon the accuſers to ſupport the charge. Hewſon and Kemp gave the ſame account they had done to Oſwald, offering to ſwear to the truth of their teſtimony; ſeveral of the other ſervants related ſuch circumſtances as had come to their knowledge. Markham then ſpoke of every thing, and gave a particular account of all that had paſſed on the night they ſpent in the eaſt apartment; he accuſed himſelf of being privy to Wenlock's villainy, called himſelf fool and blockhead, for being the inſtrument of his malignant diſpoſition, and

aſked

aſked pardon of his uncle for concealing it ſo long.

The Baron called upon Wenlock to reply to the charge; who, inſtead of anſwering, flew into a paſſion, raged, ſwore, threatened, and finally denied every thing. The witneſſes perſiſted in their aſſertions. Markham deſired leave to make known the reaſon why they were all afraid of him; he gives it out, ſaid he, that he is to be my Lord's ſon-in-law; and they, ſuppoſing him to ſtand firſt in his favour, are afraid of his diſpleaſure.—I hope, ſaid the Baron, I ſhall not be at ſuch a loſs for a ſon-in-law, as to make choice of ſuch a one as him; he never but once hinted at ſuch a thing, and then I gave him no encouragement. I have long ſeen there was ſomething very wrong in him; but I did not believe he was of ſo wicked a diſpoſition: It is no wonder that princes ſhould be ſo frequently deceived, when I, a private man, could be ſo much impoſed upon within the circle of my own family. What think you, ſon Robert?—I, Sir, have been much more impoſed upon; and I take ſhame to myſelf on the occaſion. Enough, my ſon, ſaid the Baron; a generous confeſſion is only a proof

of growing wiſdom: You are now ſenſible, that the beſt of us all are liable to impoſition. The artifices of this unworthy kinſman have ſet us at variance with each other, and driven away an excellent youth from this houſe, to go I know not whither: But he ſhall no longer triumph in his wickedneſs: he ſhall feel what it is to be baniſhed from the houſe of his protector. He ſhall ſet out for his mother's this very day; I will write to her in ſuch a manner as ſhall inform her that he has offended me, without particulariſing the nature of his faults: I will give him an opportunity of recovering his credit with his own family, and this ſhall be my ſecurity againſt his doing further miſchief. May he repent, and be forgiven.

Markham deſerves puniſhment, but not in the ſame degree.—I confeſs it, ſaid he, and will ſubmit to whatever your Lordſhip ſhall enjoin.—You ſhall only be baniſhed for a time, but he for ever. I will ſend you abroad on a buſineſs that ſhall put you in a way to do credit to yourſelf, and ſervice to me. Son Robert, have you any objection to my ſentence?—My Lord, ſaid he, I have great reaſon to diſtruſt myſelf; I am ſenſible of my

own

own weakneſs, and your ſuperior wiſdom, as well as goodneſs; and I will henceforward ſubmit to you in all things.

The Baron ordered two of his ſervants to pack up Wenlock's clothes and neceſſaries, and to ſet out with him that very day; he bade ſome others keep an eye upon him leſt he ſhould eſcape: As ſoon as they were ready, my Lord wiſhed him a good journey, and gave him a letter for his mother. He departed without ſaying a word, in a ſullen kind of reſentment; but his countenance ſhewed the inward agitations of his mind.

As ſoon as he was gone, every mouth was opened againſt him; a thouſand ſtories came out that they never heard before: The Baron and his ſons were aſtoniſhed that he ſhould go on ſo long without detection. My Lord ſighed deeply at the thoughts of Edmund's expulſion, and ardently wiſhed to know what was become of him.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of coming to an explanation with his brother William; he took ſhame to himſelf for ſome part of his paſt behaviour. Mr. William owned his affection to Edmund, and juſtified it by his merit and attachment to him, which were

ſuch that he was certain no time or diſtance could alter them. He accepted his brother's acknowledgement, as a full amends for all that had paſſed, and begged that henceforward an entire love and confidence might ever ſubſiſt between them. Theſe new regulations reſtored peace, confidence, and harmony, in the Caſtle of Lovel.

At length, the day arrived for the combatants to meet. The Lord Graham, with twelve followers, gentlemen, and twelve ſervants, was ready at the dawn of day to receive them.

The firſt that entered the field was Sir Philip Harclay, Knight, armed completely, excepting his head-piece; Hugh Rugby, his Eſquire, bearing his lance; John Barnard, his page, carrying his helmet and ſpurs; and two ſervants in his proper livery. The next came Edmund, the heir of Lovel, followed by his ſervant John Wyatt; Zadiſky followed by his ſervant.

At a ſhort diſtance came the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field, with his Eſquire, two pages, and two livery-ſervants; followed by his eldeſt ſon, his nephew, and a gentleman his friend, each attended by one ſervant:

He

He alſo brought a ſurgeon of note to take care of the wounded.

The Lord Graham ſaluted them; and, by his order they took their places without the liſts, and the trumpet ſounded for the challenger. It was anſwered by the defendant, who ſoon after appeared, attended by three gentlemen his friends, with each one ſervant, beſide his own proper attendants.

A place was erected for the Lord Clifford, as judge of the field; he deſired Lord Graham would ſhare the office, who accepted it, on condition that the combatants ſhould make no objection; and they agreed to it with the greateſt courteſy and reſpect. They conſulted together on many points of honour and ceremony between the two combatants.

They appointed a marſhal of the field, and other inferior officers, uſually employed on theſe occaſions. The Lord Graham ſent the marſhal for the challenger, deſiring him to declare the cauſe of his quarrel before his enemy. Sir Philip Harclay then advanced, and thus ſpoke:

"I Philip Harclay, Knight, challenge "Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, as a "baſe, treacherous, and bloody man, who

" by his wicked arts and devices, did kill, " or cauſe to be killed, his kinſman, Arthur " Lord Lovel, my dear and noble friend. I " am called upon, in an extraordinary man- " ner, to revenge his death; and I will prove " the truth of what I have affirmed at the " peril of my life."

Lord Graham then bade the defendant anſwer to the charge. Lord Lovel ſtood forth before his followers, and thus replied:

" I Walter, Baron of Lovel, do deny the " charge againſt me, and affirm it to be a " baſe, falſe, and malicious accuſation of this " Sir Philip Harclay, which I believe to be " invented by himſelf, or elſe framed by " ſome enemy, and told to him for wicked " ends; but, be that as it may, I will main- " tain my own honour, and prove him to be " a falſe traitor at the hazard of my own " life, and to the puniſhment of his pre- " ſumption."

Then ſaid the Lord Graham,—Will not this quarrel admit of arbitration?—No, replied Sir Philip; when I have juſtified this charge, I have more to bring againſt him. I truſt in God and the juſtice of my cauſe, and defy that traitor to the death! Lord Clif-

ford

ford then ſpoke a few words to Lord Graham, who immediately called to the marſhal, and bade him open the liſts, and deliver their weapons to the combatants.

While the marſhal was arranging the combatants and their followers, Edmund approached his friend and patron; he put one knee to the ground, he embraced his knees with the ſtrongeſt emotions of grief and anxiety. He was dreſſed in complete armour, with his viſor down; his device was a hawthorn, with a graft of the roſe upon it, the motto—*This is not my true parent*; but Sir Philip bade him take theſe words—*E fructu arbor cognoſcitur.*

Sir Philip embraced the youth with ſtrong marks of affection: Be compoſed, my child! ſaid he; I have neither guilt, fear, nor doubt in me; I am ſo certain of ſucceſs, that I bid you be prepared for the conſequence. Zadiſky embraced his friend, he comforted Edmund, he ſuggeſted every thing that could confirm his hopes of ſucceſs.

The marſhal waited to deliver the ſpear to Sir Philip; he now preſented it with the uſual form.—Sir, receive your lance, and God defend the right!——Sir Philip anſwered,

Amen! in a voice that was heard by all preſent.

He next preſented his weapon to Lord Lovel with the ſame ſentence, who likewiſe anſwered Amen! with a good courage. Immediately the liſts were cleared, and the combatants began to fight.

They contended a long time with equal ſkill and courage; at length Sir Philip unhorſed his antagoniſt. The judges ordered, that either he ſhould alight, or ſuffer his enemy to remount; he choſe the former, and a ſhort combat on foot enſued. The ſweat ran off their bodies with the violence of the exerciſe. Sir Philip watched every motion of his enemy, and ſtrove to weary him out, intending to wound, but not to kill him, unleſs obliged for his own ſafety.

He thruſt his ſword through his left arm, and demanded whether he would confeſs the fact? Lord Lovel enraged, anſwered, he would die ſooner. Sir Philip then paſſed the ſword through his body twice, and Lord Lovel fell, crying out that he was ſlain.

I hope not, ſaid Sir Philip, for I have a great deal of buſineſs for you to do before you die: Confeſs your ſins, and endeavour to atone

—look on that youth, he is the son of your injured kinsman

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atone for them, as the only ground to hope for pardon.—Lord Lovel replied, You are the victor, uſe your good fortune generouſly!

Sir Philip took away his ſword, and then waved it over his head, and beckoned for aſſiſtance. The judges ſent to beg Sir Philip to ſpare the life of his enemy.—I will, ſaid he, upon condition that he will make an honeſt confeſſion.

Lord Lovel deſired a ſurgeon and a confeſſor.—You ſhall have both, ſaid Sir Philip; but you muſt firſt anſwer me a queſtion or two. Did you kill your kinſman or not?—It was not my hand that killed him, anſwered the wounded man.—It was done by your own order, however? You ſhall have no aſſiſtance till you anſwer this point.—It was, ſaid he, and Heaven is juſt?—Bear witneſs all preſent, ſaid Sir Philip, he confeſſes the fact!

He then beckoned Edmund, who approached.—Take off your helmet, ſaid he: look on that youth, he is the ſon of your injured kinſman.—It is himſelf, ſaid the Lord Lovel, and fainted away.

Sir Philip then called for a ſurgeon and a prieſt, both of which Lord Graham had provided; the former began to bind up his wounds,

wounds, and his aſſiſtants poured a cordial into his mouth.—Preſerve his life, if it be poſſible, ſaid Sir Philip; for much depends upon it.

He then took Edmund by the hand, and preſented him to all the company.—In this young man, ſaid he, you ſee the true heir of the houſe of Lovel! Heaven has in its own way made him the inſtrument to diſcover the death of his parents. His father was aſſaſſinated by order of that wicked man, who now receives his puniſhment; his mother was, by his cruel treatment, compelled to leave her own houſe; ſhe was delivered in the fields, and periſhed herſelf in ſeeking a ſhelter for her infant. I have ſufficient proofs of every thing I ſay, which I am ready to communicate to every perſon who deſires to know the particulars: Heaven, by my hand, has chaſtiſed him; he has confeſſed the fact I accuſe him of, and it remains that he make reſtitution of the fortune and honours he hath uſurped ſo long.

Edmund kneeled, and with uplifted hands returned thanks to Heaven, that his noble friend and champion was crowned with victory!—The Lords and gentlemen gathered round

round them, they congratulated them both; while Lord Lovel's friends and followers were employed in taking care of him. Lord Clifford took Sir Philip's hand.—You have acted with ſo much honour and prudence, that it is preſumptuous to offer you advice; but what mean you to do with the wounded man?—I have not determined, ſaid he; I thank you for the hint, and beg your advice how to proceed.—Let us conſult Lord Graham, replied he.—Lord Graham inſiſted upon their going all to his caſtle; there, ſaid he, you will have impartial witneſſes of all that paſſes. Sir Philip was unwilling to give ſo much trouble. The Lord Graham proteſted he ſhould be proud to do any ſervice to ſo noble a gentlemen. Lord Clifford enforced his requeſt, ſaying, it was better upon all accounts to keep their priſoner on this ſide the borders till they ſaw what turn his health would take, and to keep him ſafely till he had ſettled his worldly affairs.

This reſolution being taken, Lord Graham invited the wounded man and his friends to his caſtle, as being the neareſt place where he could be lodged and taken proper care of, it being dangerous to carry him further. They accepted

accepted the propoſal with many acknowledgments; and, having made a kind of litter of boughs, they all proceeded to Lord Graham's caſtle, where they put Lord Lovel to bed, and the ſurgeon dreſſed his wounds, and deſired he might be kept quiet, not knowing at preſent whether they were dangerous or not.

About an hour after, the wounded man complained of thirſt; he aſked for the ſurgeon, and enquired if his life was in danger? The ſurgeon anſwered him doubtfully. He aſked,—Where is Sir Philip Harclay?—In the caſtle.—Where is that young man whom he calls the heir of Lovel?—He is here, too.—Then I am ſurrounded with my enemies. I want to ſpeak to one of my own ſervants, without witneſſes; let one be ſent to me.

The ſurgeon withdrew, and acquainted the gentlemen below.—He ſhall not ſpeak to any man, ſaid Sir Philip, but in my preſence. He went with him into the ſick man's room. Upon the ſight of Sir Philip, he ſeemed in great agitation.—Am I not allowed to ſpeak with my own ſervant, ſaid he?—Yes, Sir, you may; but not without witneſſes.—Then I am a priſoner, it ſeems?—No, not ſo, Sir; but

but ſome caution is neceſſary at preſent: But compoſe yourſelf, I do not wiſh for your death.—Then why did you ſeek it? I never injured you.—Yes, you have, in the perſon of my friend, and I am only the inſtrument of juſtice in the hand of Heaven; endeavour to make atonement while life is ſpared to you.—Shall I ſend the prieſt to you? perhaps he may convince you of the neceſſity of reſtitution, in order to obtain forgiveneſs of your ſins.

Sir Philip ſent for the prieſt and the ſurgeon, and obliged the ſervant to retire with him. I leave you, Sir, to the care of theſe gentlemen; and whenever a third perſon is admitted, I will be his attendant: I will viſit you again within an hour. He then retired, and conſulted his friends below; they were of opinion that no time ſhould be loſt.—You will then, ſaid he, accompany me into the ſick man's apartment in an hour's time.

Within the hour, Sir Philip, attended by Lord Clifford and Lord Graham, entered the chamber. Lord Lovel was in great emotion; the prieſt ſtood on one ſide of the bed, the ſurgeon on the other; the former exhorted him to confeſs his ſins, the other deſired he might

might be left to his repoſe. Lord Lovel ſeemed in great anguiſh of mind; he trembled, and was in the utmoſt confuſion. Sir Philip entreated him, with the piety of a confeſſor, to conſider his ſoul's health before that of his body. He then aſked Sir Philip, by what means he knew that he was concerned in the death of his kinſman?—Sir, replied he, it was not merely by human means this fact was diſcovered. There is a certain apartment in the Caſtle of Lovel, that has been ſhut up theſe one-and-twenty years, but has lately been opened and examined into.

Oh Heaven! exclaimed he, then Geoffry muſt have betrayed me!—No, Sir, he has not, it was revealed in a very extraordinary manner to that youth whom it moſt concerns.—How can he be the heir of Lovel?—By being the ſon of that unfortunate woman, whom you cruelly obliged to leave her own houſe, to avoid being compelled to wed the murderer of her huſband: we are not ignorant, moreover, of the fictitious funeral you made for her. All is diſcovered, and you will not tell us any more than we know already; but we deſire to have it confirmed by your confeſſion.—The judgments of Heaven are falling upon me!

me! ſaid Lord Lovel. I am childleſs, and one is ariſen from the grave to claim my inheritance.—Nothing then hinders you to do juſtice and make reſtitution; it is for the eaſe of your conſcience; and you have no other way of making atonement for all the miſchief you have done.—You know too much, ſaid the criminal, and I will relate what you do not know.

You may remember, proceeded he, that I ſaw you once at my uncle's houſe?—I well remember it.—At that time my mind was diſturbed by the baleful paſſion of envy; it was from that root all my bad actions ſprung.—Praiſe be to God! ſaid the good prieſt; he hath touched your heart with true contrition, and you ſhew the effect of his mercies; you will do juſtice, and you will be rewarded by the gift of repentance unto ſalvation.——Sir Philip deſired the penitent to proceed.

My kinſman excelled me in every kind of merit, in the graces of perſon and mind, in all his exerciſes, and in every accompliſhment. I was totally eclipſed by him, and I hated to be in his company; but what finiſhed my averſion, was his addreſſing the lady upon

upon whom I had fixed my affections: I ſtrove to rival him there, but ſhe gave him the preference; that, indeed, was only his due; but I could not bear to ſee, or acknowledge it.

The moſt bitter hatred took poſſeſſion of my breaſt, and I vowed to revenge the ſuppoſed injury as ſoon as opportunity ſhould offer. I buried my reſentment deep in my heart, and outwardly appeared to rejoice at his ſucceſs; I made a merit of reſigning my pretenſions to him, but I could not bear to be preſent at his nuptials: I retired to my father's ſeat, and brooded over my revenge in ſecret. My father died this year, and ſoon after my uncle followed him; within another year my kinſman was ſummoned to attend the king on his Welſh expedition.

As ſoon as I heard he was gone from home, I reſolved to prevent his return, exulting in the proſpect of poſſeſſing his title, fortune, and his Lady. I hired meſſengers, who were conſtantly going and coming to give me intelligence of all that paſſed at the caſtle; I went there ſoon after, under pretence of viſiting my kinſman. My ſpies brought me an account of all that happened;

pened; one informed me of the event of the battle, but could not tell whether my rival was living or dead; I hoped the latter, that I might avoid the crime I meditated: I reported his death to his Lady, who took it very heavily.

Soon after a meſſenger arrived with tidings that he was alive and well, and had obtained leave ſo return home immediately.

I inſtantly diſpatched my two emiſſaries to intercept him on the way. He made ſo much haſte to return, that he was met within a mile of his own caſtle: he had out-rode his ſervants, and was alone: They killed him, and drew him aſide out of the highway. They then came to me with all ſpeed, and deſired my orders; it was then about ſunſet: I ſent them back to fetch the dead body, which they brought privately into the caſtle: They tied it neck and heels, and put it into a trunk, which they buried under the floor in the cloſet you mentioned. The ſight of the body ſtung me to the heart; I then felt the pangs of remorſe, but it was too late: I took every precaution that prudence ſuggeſted to prevent the diſcovery; but nothing can be concealed from the eye of Heaven.

From

From that fatal hour I have never known peace, always in fear of ſomething impending to diſcover my guilt, and to bring me to ſhame: at length I am overtaken by juſtice. I am brought to a ſevere reckoning here, and I dread to meet one more ſevere hereafter.

Enough, ſaid the prieſt; you have done a good work, my ſon! truſt in the Lord; and now this burden is off your mind, the reſt will be made eaſy to you.

Lord Lovel took a minute's repoſe, and then went on.—I hope by the hint you gave, Sir Philip, the poor Lady is yet alive?—No, Sir, ſhe is not: but ſhe died not till after ſhe brought forth a ſon, whom Heaven made its inſtrument to diſcover and avenge the death of both his parents.—They are well avenged! ſaid he. I have no children to lament for me; all mine have been taken from me in the bloom of youth; only one daughter lived to be twelve years old; I intended her for a wife for one of my nephews, but within three months I have buried her. He ſighed, wept, and was ſilent.

The gentlemen preſent lifted up their hands and eyes to Heaven in ſilence. The will of Heaven be obeyed! ſaid the prieſt. My penitent

nitent has confeſſed all: what more would you require?—That he make atonement, ſaid Sir Philip; that he ſurrender the title and eſtate to the right heir, and diſpoſe of his own proper fortune to his neareſt relations, and reſign himſelf to penitence and preparation for a future ſtate. For this time I leave him with you, father, and will join my prayers with yours for his repentance.

So ſaying, he left the room, and was followed by the Barons and the ſurgeon; the prieſt alone remaining with him. As ſoon as they were out of hearing, Sir Philip queſtioned the ſurgeon concerning his patient's ſituation; who anſwered, that at preſent he ſaw no ſigns of immediate danger, but he could not yet pronounce that there was none: if he were mortally wounded, ſaid he, he could not be ſo well, nor ſpeak ſo long without faintneſs; and it is my opinion that he will ſoon recover, if nothing happens to retard the cure. Then, ſaid Sir Philip, keep this opinion from him; for I would ſuffer the fear of death to operate on him until he hath performed ſome neceſſary acts of juſtice: Let it only be known to theſe noblemen, upon whoſe honour I can rely, and I truſt they will approve my requeſt

requeſt to you, Sir.—I join in it, ſaid Lord Clifford, from the ſame motives.—I inſiſt upon it, ſaid Lord Graham; and I can anſwer for my ſurgeon's diſcretion.—My Lords, ſaid the ſurgeon, you may depend on my fidelity; and, after what I have juſt heard, my conſcience is engaged in this noble gentleman's behalf, and I will do every thing in my power to ſecond your intentions.—I thank you, Sir, ſaid Sir Philip, and you may depend on my gratitude in return. I preſume you will ſit up with him to night; if any danger ſhould ariſe, I deſire to be called immediately; but, otherwiſe, I would ſuffer him to reſt quietly: that he may be prepared for the buſineſs of the following day.—I ſhall obey your directions, Sir; my neceſſary attendance will give me a pretence not to leave him, and thus I ſhall hear all that paſſes between him and all that viſit him.—You will oblige me highly, ſaid Sir Philip, and I ſhall go to reſt with confidence in your care.

The ſurgeon returned to the ſick man's chamber, Sir Philip and the Barons to the company below: they ſupped in the great hall, with all the gentlemen that were preſent at the combat. Sir Philip and his Edmund retired

retired to their repoſe, being heartily fatigued; and the company ſtayed to a late hour, commenting upon the action of the day, praiſing the courage and generoſity of the noble Knight, and wiſhing a good event to his undertaking.

Moſt of Lord Lovel's friends went away as ſoon as they ſaw him ſafely lodged, being aſhamed of him, and of their appearance in his behalf; and the few that ſtayed were induced by their deſire of a further information of the baſe action he had committed, and to juſtify their own characters and conduct.

The next morning Sir Philip entered into conſultation with the two Barons, on the methods he ſhould take to get Edmund received and acknowledged as heir of the houſe of Lovel. They were all of opinion, that the criminal ſhould be kept in fear till he had ſettled his worldly affairs, and they had reſolved how to diſpoſe of him. With this determination they entered his room, and inquired of the ſurgeon how he had paſſed the night? He ſhook his head, and ſaid but little.

Lord Lovel deſired that he might be removed to his own houſe. Lord Graham

ſaid, he could not conſent to that, as there was evident danger in removing him; and appealed to the ſurgeon, who confirmed his opinion. Lord Graham deſired he would make himſelf eaſy, and that he ſhould have every kind of aſſiſtance there.

Sir Philip then propoſed to ſend for the Lord Fitz-Owen who would ſee that all poſſible care was taken of his brother-in-law, and would aſſiſt him in ſettling his affairs. Lord Lovel was againſt it; he was peeviſh and uneaſy, and diſired to be left with only his own ſervants to attend him. Sir Philip quitted the room with a ſignificant look; and the two lords endeavoured to reconcile him to his ſituation. He interrupted them.—It is eaſy for men in your ſituation to adviſe, but it is difficult for one in mine to practiſe; wounded in body and mind, it is natural that I ſhould ſtrive to avoid the extremes of ſhame and puniſhment: I thank you for your kind offices, and beg I may be left with my own ſervants—With them, and the ſurgeon, you ſhall, ſaid Lord Graham; and they both retired.

Sir Philip met them below.—My Lords, ſaid he, I am deſirous that my Lord Fitz-Owen

Owen ſhould be ſent for, and that he may hear his brother's confeſſion: for I ſuſpect that he may hereafter deny, what only the fear of death has extorted from him: with your permiſſion, I am determined to ſend meſſengers to-day. They both expreſſed approbation, and Lord Clifford propoſed to write to him, ſaying, a letter from an impartial perſon will have the more weight: I will ſend one of my principal domeſtics with your own. This meaſure being reſolved upon, Lord Clifford retired to write, and Sir Philip to prepare his ſervants for inſtant departure. Edmund deſired leave to write to father Oſwald, and John Wyatt was ordered to be the bearer of his letter. When the Lord Clifford had finiſhed his letter, he read it to Sir Philip and his choſen friends, as follows:

"Right Hon. my good Lord,

"I have taken upon me to acquaint your "Lordſhip, that there has been a ſolemn "combat at arms between your brother-in-"law, the Lord Lovel, and Sir Philip Har-"clay, Knt. of Yorkſhire. It was fought in "the juriſdiction of the Lord Graham, who, "with myſelf, was appointed judge of the "field; it was fairly won, and Sir Philip is

" the conqueror. After he had gained the " victory, he declared at large the cauſe of " the quarrel, and that he had revenged the " death of Arthur Lord Lovel, his friend, " whom the preſent Lord Lovel had aſſaſſi- " nated, that he might enjoy his title and " eſtate. The wounded man confeſſed the " fact: and Sir Philip gave him his life, " and only carried off his ſword as a trophy " of his victory. Both the victor and the " vanquiſhed were conveyed to Lord Gra- " ham's Caſtle, where the Lord Lovel now " lies in great danger. He is deſirous to " ſettle his worldly affairs, and to make his " peace with God and man. Sir Philip Har- " clay ſays, there is a male heir of the houſe " of Lovel, for whom he claims the title and " eſtate; but he is very deſirous that your " Lordſhip ſhould be preſent at the diſpoſal " of your brother's property, that of right be- " longs to him, of which your children are " the undoubted heirs: He alſo wants to " conſult you in many other points of ho- " nour and equity. Let me intreat you, on " the receipt of this letter, to ſet out imme- " diately for Lord Graham's Caſtle, where " you will be received with the utmoſt re-

" ſpect

"ſpect and hoſpitality. You will hear "things that will ſurpriſe you as much as "they do me; you will judge of them with "that juſtice and honour which ſpeaks your "character; and you will unite with us in "wondering at the ways of Providence, and "ſubmitting to its decrees, in puniſhing the "guilty, and doing juſtice to the innocent "and oppreſſed. My beſt wiſhes and prayers "attend you and your hopeful family. My "Lord, I remain your humble ſervant,

"CLIFFORD."

Every one preſent expreſſed the higheſt approbation of this letter. Sir Philip gave orders to John Wyatt to be very circumſpect in his behaviour, to give Edmund's letter privately to father Oſwald, and to make no mention of him, or his pretenſions to Lovel Caſtle.

Lord Clifford gave his ſervant the requiſite precautions. Lord Graham added a note of invitation, and ſent it by a ſervant of his own.—As ſoon as all things were ready, the meſſengers ſet out with all ſpeed for the Caſtle of Lovel.

They ſtayed no longer by the way than to take ſome refreſhment, but rode night and day till they arrived there.

Lord Fitz-Owen was in the parlour with his children, Father Oſwald was walking in the avenue before the houſe, when he ſaw three meſſengers, whoſe horſes ſeemed jaded, and the riders fatigued, like men come a long journey. He came up, juſt as the firſt had delivered his meſſage to the porter. John Wyatt knew him, he diſmounted, and made ſigns that he had ſomething to ſay to him; he retired back a few ſteps, and John, with great dexterity, ſlipped a letter into his hand. The father gave him his bleſſing, and a welcome—Who do you come from? ſaid he aloud.—From the Lords Graham and Clifford, to the Lord Fitz-Owen; and we bring letters of conſequence to the Baron.

Oſwald followed the meſſengers into the hall, a ſervant announced their arrival. Lord Fitz-Owen received them in the parlour: Lord Clifford's ſervant delivered his maſter's letter, Lord Graham's his, and they ſaid they would retire and wait his Lordſhip's anſwer. The Baron ordered them ſome refreſhment. They retired, and he opened his letters: He

read

read them with great agitations, he ſtruck his hand upon his heart, he exclaimed——My fears are all verified! the blow is ſtruck, and it has fallen upon the guilty.

Oſwald came in a minute after.—You are come in good time, ſaid the Baron. Read that letter, that my children may know the contents. He read it with faultering voice, and trembling limbs. They were all in great ſurpriſe. William looked down, and kept a ſtudied ſilence. Sir Robert exclaimed—Is it poſſible? can my uncle be guilty of ſuch an action—You hear, ſaid the Baron, he has confeſſed it!—But to whom? ſaid Sir Robert.—His father replied, Lord Clifford's honour is unqueſtionable, and I cannot doubt what he affirms.

Sir Robert leaned his head upon his hand, as one loſt in thought: at length he ſeemed to awake—My Lord, I have no doubt that Edmund is at the bottom of this buſineſs. Do you not remember that Sir Philip Harclay long ago promiſed him his friendſhip? Edmund diſappears; and, ſoon after, this man challenges my Uncle. You know what paſſed here before his departure; he has ſuggeſted this affair to Sir Philip, and inſtigated

him to this action. This is the return he has made for the favours he has received from our family to which he owes every thing.—Softly, my ſon! ſaid the Baron; let us be cautious of reflecting upon Edmund: there is a greater hand in this buſineſs. My conjecture was too true: it was in that fatal apartment that he was made acquainted with the circumſtances of Lord Lovel's death; he was, perhaps, enjoined to reveal them to Sir Philip Harclay, the boſom friend of the deceaſed. The myſtery of that apartment is diſcloſed, the woe to the guilty is accompliſhed: There is no reflection upon any one: Heaven effects its purpoſes in its own time and manner. I and mine are innocent; let us worſhip and be ſilent!

But what do you propoſe to do? ſaid Sir Robert.—To return with the meſſengers, anſwered the Baron. I think it highly proper that I ſhould ſee your Uncle, and hear what he has to ſay: My children are his heirs; in juſtice to them, I ought to be acquainted with every thing that concerns the diſpoſal of his fortune.—Your Lordſhip is in the right, anſwered Sir Robert, it concerns us all. I have only to aſk your permiſſion to bear you company.—

pany.—With all my heart, ſaid the Baron: I have only to aſk of you in return, that you will command yourſelf, and not ſpeak your mind haſtily; wait for the proofs before you give judgment, and take advice of your reaſon before you decide upon any thing: if you reflect upon the paſt, you will find reaſon to diſtruſt yourſelf. Leave all to me, and be aſſured I will protect your honour and my own.—I will obey you in all things, my Lord; and will make immediate preparation for our departure. So ſaying, he left the room.

As ſoon as he was gone, Mr. William broke ſilence.—My Lord, ſaid he, if you have no great objection, I beg leave alſo to accompany you both.—You ſhall, my ſon, if you deſire it; I think I can ſee your motives, and your brother's alſo; your coolneſs will be a good balance to his warmth: You ſhall go with us. My ſon Walter ſhall be his ſiſter's protector in our abſence, and he ſhall be maſter here till we return.—I hope, my dear father, that will not be long; I ſhall not be happy till you come home, ſaid the fair Emma.—It ſhall be no longer, my deareſt, than till this untoward affair is ſettled.

The Baron desired to know when the messengers were expected to return. Oswald took this opportunity to retire; he went to his own apartment, and read the letter, as follows:

"The Heir of Lovel, to his dear and re-
"verend friend, father Oswald.

"Let my friends at the Castle of Lovel
"know that I live in hopes one day to see
"them there. If you could, by any means,
"return with the messengers, your testi-
"mony would add weight to mine; perhaps
"you might obtain permission to attend the
"Baron: I leave it to you to manage this.
"John Wyatt will inform you of all that
"has passed here, and that hitherto my suc-
"cess has outrun my expectation, and, al-
"most, my wishes. I am in the high road
"to my inheritance; and trust that the
"Power who hath conducted me thus far
"will not leave his work unfinished. Tell
"my beloved William, that I live, and hope
"to embrace him before long. I recom-
"mend myself to your holy prayers and
"blessing, and remain your son and servant,
"EDMUND."

Oswald

Oſwald then went to the meſſengers; he drew John Wyatt to a diſtance from the reſt, and got the information he wanted: he ſtayed with him till he was ſent for by the Baron, to whom he went directly and prevented his queſtions, by ſaying,—I have been talking with the meſſengers: I find they have travelled night and day to bring the letters with all ſpeed; they only require one night's reſt, and will be ready to ſet out with you to-morrow.—'Tis well, ſaid the Baron; we will ſet out as ſoon as they are ready.—My Lord, ſaid Oſwald, I have a favour to beg of you; it is, that I may attend you: I have ſeen the progreſs of this wonderful diſcovery, and I have a great deſire to ſee the concluſion of it; perhaps my preſence may be of ſervice in the courſe of your buſineſs.—Perhaps it may, ſaid the Baron; I have no objection, if you deſire to go.—They then ſeparated, and went to prepare for their journey.

Oſwald had a private interview with Joſeph, whom he informed of all that he knew, and his reſolution to attend the Baron in his journey to the north.—I go, ſaid he, to bear witneſs in behalf of injured innocence: if it be needful, I ſhall call upon you; therefore

hold yourſelf in readineſs in caſe you ſhould be ſent for.—That I will, ſaid Joſeph, and ſpend my laſt remains of life and ſtrength, to help my young Lord to his right and title; but do they not begin to ſuſpect who is the Heir of Lovel!—Not in the leaſt, ſaid Oſwald; they think him concerned in the diſcovery, but have no idea of his being intereſted in the event.—Oh, father! ſaid Joſeph, I ſhall think every day a week till you return; but I will no longer keep you from your repoſe.—Good night, ſaid Oſwald; but I have another viſit to pay before I go to reſt.

He left Joſeph, and went on tip-toe to Mr. William's room, and tapped at his door; he came and opened it.—What news, father?—Not much; I have only orders to tell you that Edmund is well, and as much your friend as ever.—I gueſſed, ſaid William, that we ſhould hear ſomething of him: I have ſtill another gueſs.—What is that, my child?—That we ſhall ſee or hear of him where we are going.—It is very likely, ſaid Oſwald; and I would have you be prepared for it: I am confident we ſhall hear nothing to his diſcredit.—I am certain of that, ſaid William, and I ſhall rejoice to ſee him: I conclude that he is under the

the protection of Sir Philip Harclay.—He is ſo, ſaid Oſwald; I had my information from Sir Philip's ſervant, who is one of the meſſengers, and was guide to the others in their way hither. After ſome further converſation they ſeparated, and each went to his repoſe.

The next morning the whole party ſet out on their journey; they travelled by eaſy ſtages on account of the Baron's health, which began to be impaired, and arrived in health and ſpirits at the Caſtle of Lord Graham, where they were received with the utmoſt reſpect and kindneſs by the noble Maſter.

The Lord Lovel had recovered his health and ſtrength as much as poſſible in the time, and was impatient to be gone from thence to his own houſe. He was ſurpriſed to hear of the arrival of his brother and nephews, and expreſſed no pleaſure at the thoughts of ſeeing them. When Sir Philip Harclay came to pay his reſpects to Baron Fitz-Owen, the latter received him with civility, but with a coldneſs that was apparent. Sir Robert left the room, doubting his reſolution. Sir Philip advanced, and took the Baron by the hand. —My Lord, ſaid he, I rejoice to ſee you here.

I cannot

I cannot be ſatisfied with the bare civilities of ſuch a man as you. I aſpire to your eſteem, to your friendſhip, and I ſhall not be happy till I obtain them. I will make you the judge of every part of my conduct, and where you ſhall condemn me, I will condemn myſelf.

The Baron was ſoftened, his noble heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, but he thought the ſituation of his brother demanded ſome reſerve towards the man who ſought his life; but, in ſpite of himſelf, it wore off every moment. Lord Clifford related all that had paſſed, with the due regard to Sir Philip's honour; he remarked how nobly he concealed the cauſe of his reſentment againſt the Lord Lovel till the day of combat, that he might not prepoſſeſs the judges againſt him. He enlarged on his humanity to the vanquiſhed, on the deſire he expreſſed to have juſtice done to his heirs; finally, he mentioned his great reſpect for the Lord Fitz-Owen, and the ſolicitude he ſhewed to have him come to ſettle the eſtate of the ſick man in favour of his children. Lord Clifford alſo employed his ſon to ſoften Sir Robert, and to explain

explain to him every doubtful part of Sir Philip's behaviour.

After the travellers had taken ſome reſt, the Lord Graham propoſed that they ſhould make a viſit to the ſick man's chamber. The Lords ſent to acquaint him they were coming to viſit him, and they followed the meſſenger. The Lord Fitz-Owen went up to the bedſide; he embraced his brother with ſtrong emotions of concern; Sir Robert followed him; then Mr. William. Lord Lovel embraced them, but ſaid nothing; his countenance ſhewed his inward agitations.—Lord Fitz-Owen firſt broke ſilence.—I hope, ſaid he, I ſee my brother better than I expected.—Lord Lovel bit his fingers, he pulled the bed-clothes, he ſeemed almoſt diſtracted; at length he broke out —I owe no thanks to thoſe who ſent for my relations! Sir Philip Harclay, you have uſed ungenerouſly the advantage you have gained over me! you ſpared my life, only to take away my reputation. You have expoſed me to ſtrangers; and, what is worſe, to my deareſt friends: when I lay in a ſtate of danger, you obliged me to ſay any thing, and now you take advantage of it, to ruin me in my friends affection:

affection: But, if I recover, you may repent it.

Sir Philip then came forward.—My Lords, I ſhall take no notice of what this unhappy man has juſt now ſaid; I ſhall appeal to you, as to the honourable witneſſes of all that has paſſed: You ſee it was no more than neceſſary. I appeal to you for the motives of my treatment of him, before, at, and after our meeting. I did not take his life, as I might have done; I wiſhed him to repent of his ſins, and to make reſtitution of what he unjuſtly poſſeſſes. I was called out to do an act of juſtice; I had taken the heir of Lovel under my protection, my chief view was to ſee juſtice done to him; what regarded this man was but a ſecondary motive. This was my end, and I will never, never looſe ſight of it.

Lord Lovel ſeemed almoſt choaked with paſſion, to ſee every one giving ſome marks of approbation and reſpect to Sir Philip. He called out,—I demand to know who is this pretended heir, whom he brings out to claim my title and fortune?—My noble auditors, ſaid Sir Philip, I ſhall appeal to your judgment, in regard to the proofs of my ward's birth

birth and family; every circumſtance ſhall be laid before you, and you ſhall decide upon them.

Here is a young man ſuppoſed the ſon of a peaſant, who, by a train of circumſtances that could not have happened by human contrivances, diſcovers not only who were his real parents, but that they came to untimely deaths. He even diſcovers the different places where their bones are buried, both out of conſecrated ground, and appeals to their aſhes for the truth of his pretenſions. He has alſo living proofs to offer, that will convince the moſt incredulous. I have deferred entering into particulars, till the arrival of Baron Fitz-Owen; I know his noble heart and honourable character, from one that has long been an eye-witneſs of his goodneſs; ſuch is the opinion I have of his juſtice, that I will accept him as one of the judges in his brother's cauſe. I and my ward will bring our proofs before him, and the company here preſent; in the courſe of them, it will appear that he is the beſt qualified of any to judge of them, becauſe he can aſcertain many of the facts we ſhall have occaſion to mention: I will reſt our cauſe upon their deciſion.

Lord

Lord Graham applauded Sir Philip's appeal affirming his own impartiality, and calling upon Lord Clifford and his ſon, and alſo his own nephews who were preſent. Lord Clifford ſaid, Sir Philip offers fairly, and like himſelf; there can be no place nor perſons more impartial than the preſent, and I preſume the Lord Lovel can have no objection.—No objection! anſwered he; what, to be tried like a criminal, to have judges appointed over me, to decide upon my right to my own eſtate and title? I will not ſubmit to ſuch a juriſdiction!—Then, ſaid Sir Philip, you had rather be tried by the laws of the land, and have them pronounce ſentence upon you? Take your choice, Sir; if you refuſe the one, you ſhall be certain of the other. Lord Clifford then ſaid,—You will allow Lord Lovel to conſider of the propoſal; he will conſult his friends, and be determined by their advice. Lord Fitz-Owen ſaid,—I am very much ſurpriſed at what I have heard. I ſhould be glad to know all that Sir Philip Harclay has to ſay for his ward, that I may judge what my brother has to hope or fear; I will then give my beſt advice, or offer my mediation, as he may ſtand in need of them.—You ſay well, replied

Lord

Lord Graham; and pray let us come directly to the point: Sir Philip, you will introduce your ward to this company, and enter upon your proofs.

Sir Philip bowed to the company; he went out and brought in Edmund, encouraging him by the way; he preſented him to Baron Fitz-Owen, who looked very ſerious.—Edmund Twyford, ſaid he, are you the heir of the houſe of Lovel?—I am, my Lord, ſaid Edmund, bowing to the ground; the proofs will appear; but I am, at the ſame time, the muſt humble and grateful of all your ſervants, and the ſervant of your virtues. Sir Robert roſe up, and was going to leave the room.—Son Robert, ſtay, ſaid the Baron: If there is any fraud, you will be pleaſed to detect it, and if all that is affirmed be true, you will not ſhut your eyes againſt the light; you are concerned in this buſineſs: hear it in ſilence, and let reaſon be arbiter in your cauſe. He bowed to his father, bit his lip, and retired to the window. William nodded to Edmund, and was ſilent. All the company had their eyes fixed on the young man, who ſtood in the midſt, caſting down his eyes with modeſt reſpect to the audience: while

Sir

Sir Philip related all the material circumſtances of his life, the wonderful gradation by which he came to the knowledge of his birth, the adventures of the haunted apartment, the diſcovery of the fatal cloſet, and the preſumptive proofs that Lord Lovel was buried there. At this part of his narration, Lord Fitz-Owen interrupted him.—Where is this cloſet you talk of; for I and my ſons went over the apartment ſince Edmund's departure, and found no ſuch place as you deſcribe.—My Lord, ſaid Edmund, I can account for it: the door is covered with tapeſtry, the ſame as the room, and you might eaſily overlook it; but I have a witneſs here ſaid he, and putting his hand into his boſom, He drew out the key. If this is not the key of that cloſet, let me be deemed an impoſtor, and all I ſay a falſehood; I will riſk my pretenſions upon this proof.

And for what purpoſe did you take it away? ſaid the Baron.—To prevent any perſon from going into it, replied Edmund; I have vowed to keep it till I ſhall open that cloſet before witneſſes appointed for that purpoſe.—Proceed, Sir, ſaid the Baron Fitz-Owen.—Sir Philip then related the converſation between

Edmund

Edmund and Margery Twyford, his ſuppoſed mother.—Lord Fitz-Owen ſeemed in the utmoſt ſurprize: He exclaimed—Can this be true? ſtrange diſcovery! unfortunate child! —Edmund's tears bore witneſs to his veracity; he was obliged to hide his face, he lifted up his claſped hands to heaven, and was in great emotions during all this part of the relation; while Lord Lovel groaned, and ſeemed in great agitation.

Sir Philip then addreſſed himſelf to Lord Fitz-Owen. My Lord, there was another perſon preſent at the converſation between Edmund and his foſter-mother, who can witneſs to all that paſſed; perhaps your Lordſhip can tell who that was?—It was father Oſwald, replied the Baron; I well remember that he went with him at his requeſt; let him be called in. He was ſent for, and came immediately. The Baron deſired him to relate all that paſſed between Edmund and his mother.

Oſwald then began. Since I am now properly called upon to teſtify what I know concerning this young man, I will ſpeak the truth, without fear or favour of any one; and I will ſwear by the rules of my holy order,

order, to the truth of what I ſhall relate. He then gave a particular account of all that paſſed on that occaſion, and mentioned the tokens found on both the infant and his mother.—Where are thoſe tokens to be ſeen? ſaid the Lord Clifford.—I have them here, my Lord, ſaid Edmund, and I keep them as my greateſt treaſures. He then produced them before all the company.—There is no appearance of any fraud or colluſion, ſaid Lord Graham; if any man thinks he ſees any, let him ſpeak.—Pray, my Lord, ſuffer me to ſpeak a word, ſaid Sir Robert. Do you remember that I hinted my ſuſpicions concerning father Oſwald, the night our kinſmen lay in the eaſt apartment?—I do, ſaid the Baron.—Well, Sir, now it appears that he did know more than he would tell us; you find he is very deep in all Edmund's ſecrets, and you judge what were his motives for undertaking this journey.—I obſerve what you ſay, anſwered his father, but let us hear all that Oſwald has to ſay: I will be as impartial as poſſible.—My Lord, returned Oſwald, I beg you alſo to recollect what I ſaid, on the night your ſon ſpeaks of, concerning ſecrecy in certain matters.—I remember that alſo,

alſo, ſaid the Baron; but proceed.—My Lord, continued Oſwald, I knew more than I thought myſelf at liberty to diſcloſe at that time; but I will now tell you every thing. I ſaw there was ſomething more than common in the accidents that befell this young man, and in his being called out to ſleep in the eaſt apartment; I earneſtly deſired him to let me be with him on the ſecond night, to which he conſented reluctantly; we heard a great noiſe in the rooms underneath; we went down ſtairs together; I ſaw him open the fatal cloſet, I heard groans that pierced me to the heart, I kneeled down and prayed for the repoſe of the ſpirit departed; I found a ſeal, with the arms of Lovel engraven upon it, which I gave to Edmund, and he now has it in his poſſeſſion: He enjoined me to keep ſecret what I had ſeen and heard, till the time ſhould come to declare it. I conceived that I was called to be a witneſs of theſe things; beſides, my curioſity was excited to know the event; I, therefore, deſired to be preſent at the interview between him and his mother, which was effecting beyond expreſſion: I heard what I have now declared as nearly as my memory permits me. I hope

no

no impartial perſon will blame me for any part of my conduct; but if they ſhould, I do not repent it: If I ſhould forfeit the favour of the rich and great, I ſhall have acquitted myſelf to God and my conſcience. I have no worldly ends to anſwer; I plead the cauſe of the injured orphan; and I think, alſo, that I ſecond the deſigns of Providence.—You have well ſpoken, father, ſaid the Lord Clifford; your teſtimony is indeed of conſequence.

It is amazing and convincing, ſaid Lord Graham; and the whole ſtory is ſo well connected, that I can ſee nothing to make us doubt the truth of it: But let us examine the proofs. Edmund gave into their hands the necklace and ear-rings; he ſhewed them the locket with the cypher of Lovel, and the ſeal with the arms; he told them the cloak in which he was wrapped was in the cuſtody of his foſter-mother, who would produce it on demand. He begged that ſome proper perſons might be commiſſioned to go with him to examine whether or no the bodies of his parents were buried where he affirmed; adding, that he put his pretenſions into their hands with pleaſure, relying entirely upon their honour and juſtice.

During

During this intereſting ſcene, the criminal covered his face, and was ſilent, but he ſent forth bitter ſighs and groans that denoted the anguiſh of his heart. At length, Lord Graham, in compaſſion to him, propoſed that they ſhould retire and conſider of the proofs; adding, Lord Lovel muſt needs be fatigued; we will reſume the ſubject in his preſence, when he is diſpoſed to receive us. Sir Philip Harclay approached the bed: Sir, ſaid he, I now leave you in the hands of your own relations; they are men of ſtrict honour, and I confide in them to take care of you, and of your concerns. They then went out of the room, leaving only the Lord Fitz-Owen and his ſons with the criminal. They diſcourſed of the wonderful ſtory of Edmund's birth, and the principal events of his life.

After dinner, Sir Philip requeſted another conference with the Lords, and their principal friends. There were preſent alſo, father Oſwald, and Lord Graham's confeſſor, who had taken the Lord Lovel's confeſſion, Edmund, and Zadiſky. Now, gentlemen, ſaid Sir Philip, I deſire to know your opinion of our proofs, and your advice upon them.

Lord Graham replied, I am deſired to ſpeak

for the reſt: We think there are ſtrong preſumptive proofs that this young man is the true heir of Lovel; but they ought to be confirmed and authenticated. Of the murder of the late Lord there is no doubt; the criminal hath confeſſed it, and the circumſtances confirm it; the proofs of his crime are ſo connected with thoſe of the young man's birth, that one cannot be public without the other. We are deſirous to do juſtice; and yet are unwilling, for the Lord Fitz-Owen's ſake, to bring the criminal to public ſhame and puniſhment. We wiſh to find out a medium; we therefore deſire Sir Philip to make propoſals for his ward, and let Lord Fitz-Owen anſwer for himſelf and his brother, and we will be moderators between them. Here every one expreſſed approbation, and called upon Sir Philip to make his demands.

If, ſaid he, I were to demand ſtrict juſtice, I ſhould not be ſatisfied with any thing leſs than the life of the criminal; but I am a Chriſtian ſoldier, the diſciple of him who came into the world to ſave ſinners: for his ſake, continued he (croſſing himſelf) I forego my revenge, I ſpare the guilty: If Heaven gives him time for repentance, man ſhould not deny it. It is my ward's particular requeſt, that

I will

I will not bring ſhame upon the houſe of his benefactor, the Lord Fitz-Owen, for whom he hath a filial affection and profound veneration. My propoſals are theſe: Firſt, that the criminal make reſtitution of the title and eſtate, obtained with ſo much injuſtice and cruelty, to the lawful heir, whom he ſhall acknowledge ſuch before proper witneſſes. Secondly, that he ſhall ſurrender his own lawful inheritance and perſonal eſtate into the hands of the Lord Fitz-Owen, in truſt for his ſons, who are his heirs of blood. Thirdly, that he ſhall retire into a religious houſe, or elſe quit the kingdom in three months time; and, in either caſe, thoſe who enjoy his fortune ſhall allow him a decent annuity, that he may not want the comforts of life. By the laſt, I diſable him from the means of doing further miſchief, and enable him to devote the remainder of his days to penitence. Theſe are my propoſals, and I give him four-and-twenty hours to conſider of them; if he refuſes to comply with them, I ſhall be obliged to proceed to ſeverer meaſures, and to a public proſecution: But the goodneſs of the Lord Fitz-Owen bids me expect, from his influence with his brother, a compliance with propoſals

made out of reſpect to his honourable character.

Lord Graham applauded the humanity, prudence, and piety of Sir Philip's propoſals. He enforced them with all his influence and eloquence. Lord Clifford ſeconded him; and the reſt gave tokens of approbation. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen then roſe up—I beg leave to obſerve to the company, who are going to diſpoſe ſo generouſly of another man's property, that my father purchaſed the caſtle and eſtate of the houſe of Lovel: Who is to repay him the money for it?

Sir Philip then ſaid, I have alſo a queſtion to aſk. Who is to pay the arrears of my ward's eſtate, which he has unjuſtly been kept out of theſe one-and-twenty years? Let Lord Clifford anſwer to both points, for he is not intereſted in either.—Lord Clifford ſmiled—I think, returned he, the firſt queſtion is anſwered by the ſecond, and that the parties concerned ſhould ſet one againſt the other, eſpecially as Lord Fitz-Owen's children will inherit the fortune, which includes the purchaſe-money. Lord Graham ſaid, This determination is both equitable and generous, and I hope will anſwer the expectations on all ſides.

I have

I have another propoſal to make to my Lord Fitz-Owen, ſaid Sir Philip; but I firſt wait for the acceptance of thoſe already made.—Lord Fitz-Owen replied, I ſhall report them to my brother, and acquaint the company with his reſolution to-morrow.

They then ſeparated; and the Baron, with his ſons, returned to the ſick man's chamber: there he exhorted his brother, with the piety of a confeſſor, to repent of his ſins, and make atonement for them. He made known Sir Philip's propoſals, and obſerved on the wonderful diſcovery of his crime, and the puniſhment that followed it. Your repentance continued he, may be accepted, and your crime may yet be pardoned: If you continue refractory, and refuſe to make atonement, you will draw down upon you a ſeverer puniſhment. The criminal would not confeſs; and yet could not deny, the truth and juſtice of his obſervations. The Baron ſpent ſeveral hours in his brother's chamber; he ſent for a prieſt, who took his confeſſion; and they both ſat up with him all night, adviſing, perſuading, and exhorting him to do juſtice, and to comply with the propoſals. He was unwilling to give up the world, and yet more ſo to

become the object of public ſhame, diſgrace, and puniſhment.

The next day Lord Fitz-Owen ſummoned the company into his brother's chamber, and there declared, in his name, that he accepted Sir Philip Harclay's propoſals; that, if the young man could, as he promiſed, direct them to the places where his parents were buried, and if his birth ſhould be authenticated by his foſter-parents, he ſhould be acknowledged the heir of the houſe of Lovel. That, to be certified of theſe things, they muſt commiſſion proper perſons to go with him for this purpoſe; and, in caſe the truth ſhould be made plain, they ſhould immediately put him in poſſeſſion of the Caſtle and eſtate, in the ſtate it was. He deſired Lord Graham and Lord Clifford to chuſe the commiſſioners, and gave Sir Philip and Edmund a right to add to them, each, another perſon.

Lord Graham named the eldeſt ſon of Lord Clifford; and the other, in return, named his nephew; they alſo choſe the prieſt, Lord Graham's, confeſſor, and the eldeſt ſon of Baron Fitz-Owen, to his great mortification. Sir Philip appointed Mr. William Fitz-Owen,

Owen, and Edmund named father Oſwald; they choſe out the ſervants to attend them, who were alſo to be witneſſes of all that ſhould paſs. Lord Clifford propoſed to Baron Fitz-Owen, that, as ſoon as the commiſſioners were ſet out, the remainder of the company ſhould adjourn to his ſeat in Cumberland, whither Lord Graham ſhould be invited to accompany them, and to ſtay till this affair was decided. After ſome debate, this was agreed to; and, at the ſame time, that the criminal ſhould be kept with them till every thing was properly ſettled.

Lord Fitz-Owen gave his ſon William the charge to receive and entertain the commiſſioners at the Caſtle: But, before they ſet out Sir Philip had a conference with Lord Fitz-Owen, concerning the ſurrender of the Caſtle; in which he inſiſted on the furniture and ſtock of the farm, in conſideration of the arrears. Lord Fitz-Owen ſlightly mentioned the young man's education and expences. Sir Philip anſwered, you are right, my Lord, I had not thought of this point; we owe you, in this reſpect, more than we can ever repay:

But you know not half the reſpect and affection Edmund bears for you. When reſtitution of his title and fortune is fully made, his happineſs will ſtill depend on you. How on me? ſaid the Baron.—Why, he will not be happy unleſs you honour him with your notice and eſteem; but this is not all, I muſt hope that you will ſtill do more for him.—Indeed, ſaid the Baron, he has put my regard for him to a ſevere proof; what further can he expect from me?—My dear Lord, be not offended, I have only one more propoſal to make to you; if you refuſe it, I can allow for you; and I confeſs it requires a greatneſs of mind, but not more than you poſſeſs, to grant it.—Well, Sir, ſpeak your demand.—Say rather my requeſt; it is this caſe: Ceaſe to look upon Edmund as the enemy of your houſe; look upon him as a ſon, and make him ſo indeed.—How ſay you, Sir Philip? my ſon!—Yes, my Lord, give him your daughter: He is already your ſon in filial affection; your ſon William and he are ſworn brothers; what remains but to make him yours? He deſerves ſuch a parent, you ſuch a ſon; and

you

you will, by this means, ingraft into your family, the name, title, and eſtate of Lovel, which will be entailed on your poſterity for ever. This offer requires much conſideration, returned the Baron.—Suffer me to ſuggeſt ſome hints to you, ſaid Sir Philip. This match is, I think, verily pointed out by Providence, which hath conducted the dear boy through ſo many dangers, and brought him within view of his happineſs; look on him as the precious relic of a noble houſe, the ſon of my deareſt friend! or look on him as my ſon and heir, and let me, as his father, implore you to conſent to his marriage with your daughter. The Baron's heart was touched, he turned away his face.—Oh, Sir Philip Harclay what a friend are you! Why ſhould ſuch a man be our enemy?—My Lord, ſaid Sir Philip, we are not, cannot be enemies; our hearts are already allied; and I am certain we ſhall one day be dear friends. The Baron ſuppreſſed his emotions, but Sir Philip ſaw into his heart. I muſt conſult my eldeſt ſon, returned he.—Then, replied Sir Philip, I foreſee much difficulty; he is prejudiced againſt Edmund, and thinks the reſtitution of his inheritance an injury to your family:

Hereafter he will ſee this alliance in a different light, and will rejoice that ſuch a brother is added to the family; but, at preſent, he will ſet his face againſt it. However, we will not deſpair; virtue and reſolution will ſurmount all obſtacles. Let me call in young Lovel.

He brought Edmund to the Baron, and acquainted him with the propoſal he had been making in his name, my Lord's anſwers, and the objections he feared on the part of Sir Robert. Edmund kneeled to the Baron; he took his hand and preſſed it to his lips. Beſt of men! of parents! of patrons! ſaid he, I will ever be your ſon in filial affection, whether I have the honour to be legally ſo or not; not one of your own children can feel a ſtronger ſenſe of love and duty.—Tell me, ſaid the Baron, do you love my daughter?—I do, my Lord, with the moſt ardent affection; I never loved any woman but her; and, if I am ſo unfortunate as to be refuſed her, I will not marry at all. Oh, my Lord, reject not my honeſt ſuit! Your alliance will give me conſequence with myſelf, it will excite me to act worthy of the ſtation to which

I am

I am exalted; if you refuſe me, I ſhall ſeem an abject wretch, diſdained by thoſe whom my heart claims relation to: Your family are the whole world to me. Give me your lovely daughter; give me alſo your ſon, my beloved William; and let me ſhare with them the fortune Providence beſtows upon me: but what is title or fortune, if I am deprived of the ſociety of thoſe I love?

Edmund, ſaid the Baron, you have a noble friend: but you have a ſtronger in my heart, which I think was implanted there by Heaven to aid its own purpoſes: I feel a variety of emotions of different kinds, and am afraid to truſt my own heart with you. But anſwer me a queſtion; Are you aſſured of my daughter's conſent? Have you ſolicited her favour? have you gained her affections?—Never, my Lord! I am incapable of ſo baſe an action: I have loved her at an humble diſtance; but, in my ſituation, I ſhould have thought it a violation of the laws of gratitude and hoſpitality to have preſumed to ſpeak the ſentiments of my heart.—Then you have acted with unqueſtionable honour on this, and I muſt ſay, on all other occaſions.—Your approbation, my

Lord, is the firſt wiſh of my life: it is the ſeal of my honour and happineſs.

Sir Philip ſmiled: My Lord Fitz-Owen, I am jealous of Edmund's preferable regard for you; it is juſt the ſame now as formerly. Edmund came to Sir Philip, he threw himſelf into his arms, he wept, he was overpowered with the feelings of his heart; he prayed to Heaven to ſtrengthen his mind, to ſupport his inexpreſſible ſenſations. I am overwhelmed with obligation! ſaid he; oh, beſt of friends, teach me, like you, to make my actions ſpeak for me!—Enough, Edmund, I know your heart, and that is my ſecurity. My Lord, ſpeak to him, and bring him to himſelf, by behaving coldly to him, if you can. The Baron ſaid, I muſt not truſt myſelf with you, you make a child of me! I will only add, Gain my ſon Robert's favour, and be aſſured of mine: I owe ſome reſpect to the heir of my family; he is brave, honeſt, and ſincere; your enemies are ſeparated from him, you have William's influence in your behalf; make one effort, and let me know the reſult. Edmund kiſſed his hand in tranſports of joy and gratitude.—I will not loſe a moment, ſaid he; I fly to obey your commands.

Edmund

Edmund went immediately to his friend William, and related all that had paſſed between the Baron, Sir Philip, and himſelf. William promiſed him his intereſt in the warmeſt manner: he recapitulated all that had paſſed in the Caſtle ſince his departure; but he guarded his ſiſter's delicacy, till it ſhould be reſolved to give way to his addreſs. They both conſulted young Clifford, who had conceived an affection to Edmund for his amiable qualities, and to William for his generous friendſhip for him. He promiſed them his aſſiſtance, as Sir Robert ſeemed deſirous to cultivate his friendſhip. Accordingly, they both attacked him with the whole artillery of friendſhip and perſuaſion. Clifford urged the merits of Edmund, and the advantages of his alliance: William enforced his arguments by a retroſpect of Edmund's paſt life: and obſerved, that every obſtacle thrown in his way had brought his enemies to ſhame, and increaſe of honour to himſelf.—I ſay nothing, continued he, of his noble qualities, and affectionate heart; thoſe who have been ſo many years his companions, can want no proofs of it. We know your attachment to him, Sir, ſaid Sir Robert; and, in conſequence,

quence, your partiality.—Nay, replied William, you are ſenſible of the truth of my aſſertions; and, I am confident, would have loved him yourſelf, but for the inſinuations of his enemies: but if he ſhould make good his aſſertions, even you muſt be convinced of his veracity.—And you would have my father give him your ſiſter upon this uncertainty?—No, Sir, but upon theſe conditions.—But ſuppoſe he does not make them good?—Then I will be of your party, and give up his intereſt.—Very well, Sir; my father may do as he pleaſes; but I cannot agree to give my ſiſter to one who has always ſtood in the way of our family, and now turns us out of our own houſe.

I am ſorry, brother, you ſee his pretenſions in ſo wrong a light; but if you think there is any impoſture in the caſe, go with us, and be a witneſs of all that paſſes.—No, not I; if Edmund is to be maſter of the Caſtle, I will never more ſet my foot in it.—This matter, ſaid Mr. Clifford, muſt be left to time, which has brought ſtrange things to paſs. Sir Robert's honour and good ſenſe will enable him to ſubdue his prejudices, and to judge impartially. They took leave, and went to make preparations for their journey.

Edmund

Edmund made his report of Sir Robert's inflexibility to his father, in preſence of Sir Philip; who, again, ventured to urge the Baron on his favourite ſubject.—It becomes me to wait for the further proofs, ſaid he; but, if they are as clear as I expect, I will not be inexorable to your wiſhes: ſay nothing more on this ſubject till the return of the commiſſioners. They were profuſe in their acknowledgments of his goodneſs.

Edmund took a tender leave of his two paternal friends:—When, ſaid he, I take poſſeſſion of my inheritance, I muſt hope for the company of you both to complete my happineſs.—Of me, ſaid Sir Philip, you may be certain; and, as far as my influence reaches, of the Baron.—He was ſilent. Edmund aſſured them of his conſtant prayers for their happineſs.

Soon after, the commiſſioners, with Edmund, ſet out for Lovel Caſtle; and the following day the Lord Clifford ſet out for his own houſe, with Baron Fitz-Owen and his ſon. The nominal Baron was carried with them, very much againſt his will. Sir Philip Harclay was invited to go with them by Lord Clifford, who declared his preſence neceſſary

ceſſary to bring things to a concluſion. They all joined in acknowledging their obligations to Lord Graham's generous hoſpitality, and beſought him to accompany them; at length he conſented, on condition they would allow him to go to and fro, as his duty ſhould call him.

Lord Clifford received them with the greateſt hoſpitality, and preſented them to his Lady, and three daughters, who were in the bloom of youth and beauty. They ſpent their time very pleaſantly, excepting the criminal, who continued gloomy and reſerved, and declined company.

In the mean time, the commiſſioners proceeded on their journey. When they were within a day's diſtance from the Caſtle, Mr. William and his ſervant put forward, and arrived ſeveral hours before the reſt, to make preparations for their reception. His ſiſter and brother received them with open arms, and inquired eagerly after the event of the journey to the North. He gave them a brief account of every thing that had happened to their uncle; adding, but this is not all: Sir Philip Harclay has brought a young man who he pretends is the ſon of the late Lord Lovel,

and

and claims his eſtate and title. This perſon is on his journey hither, with ſeveral others who are commiſſioned to inquire into certain particulars, to confirm his pretenſions:—If he make good his claim, my father will ſurrender the Caſtle and eſtate into his hand.—Sir Philip and my Lord have many points to ſettle; and he has propoſed a compromiſe, that you, my ſiſter, ought to know, becauſe it nearly concerns you.—Me! brother William; pray explain yourſelf.—Why, he propoſes that, in lieu of arrears and other expectations, my father ſhall give his dear Emma to the heir of Lovel, in full of all demands.—She changed colour:—Holy Mary! ſaid ſhe; and does my father agree to his propoſal?—He is not very averſe to it; but Sir Robert refuſes his conſent: However, I have given him my intereſt with you.—Have you indeed? What? a ſtranger, perhaps an impoſtor, who comes to turn us out of our dwelling?—Have patience, my Emma! ſee this young man without prejudice, and perhaps you will like him as well as I do.—I am ſurpriſed at you, William!—Dear Emma, I cannot bear to ſee you uneaſy. Think of the man who of all others you would wiſh to ſee in a ſituation

tion to aſk you of your father, and expect to ſee your wiſhes realized.—Impoſſible! ſaid ſhe!—Nothing is impoſſible, my dear; let us be prudent and all will end happily. You muſt help me to receive and entertain theſe commiſſioners. I expect a very ſolemn ſcene; but when that is once got over, happier hours than the paſt will ſucceed. We ſhall firſt viſit the haunted apartment; you, my ſiſter, will keep in your own till I ſhall ſend for you. I go now to give orders to the ſervants. He went and ordered them to be in waiting; and himſelf, and his youngeſt brother, ſtood in readineſs to receive them.

The ſound of the horn announced the arrival of the commiſſioners; at the ſame inſtant a ſudden guſt of wind aroſe, and the outward gates flew open. They entered the court-yard, and the great folding-doors into the hall were opened without any aſſiſtance. The moment Edmund entered the hall, every door in the houſe flew open; the ſervants all ruſhed into the hall, and fear was written on their countenances: Joſeph only was undaunted.—Theſe doors, ſaid he, open of their own account to receive their maſter! this is he indeed! Edmund was ſoon appriſed of what had

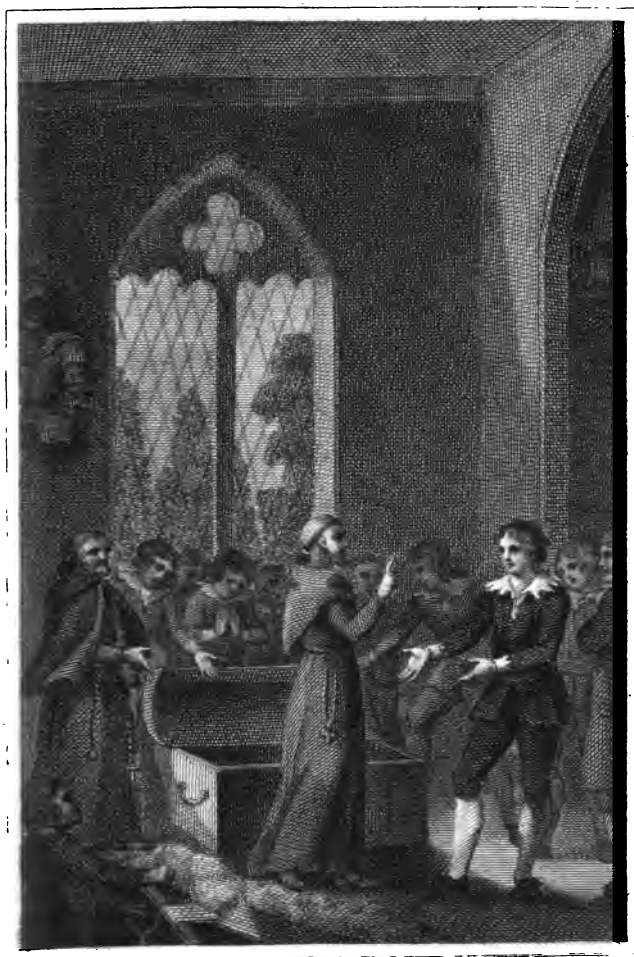
had happened.—I accept the omen! ſaid he. Gentlemen, let us go forward to the apartment! let us finiſh the work of fate! I will lead the way. He went on to the apartment, followed by all preſent.—Open the ſhutters, ſaid he, the day-light ſhall no longer be excluded here; the deeds of darkneſs ſhall now be brought to light.

They deſcended the ſtaircaſe; every door was open, till they came to the fatal cloſet. Edmund called to Mr. William:—Approach, my friend, and behold the door your family overlooked! They came forward; he drew the key out of his boſom, and unlocked the door; he made them obſerve that the boards were all looſe; he then called to the ſervants, and bid them remove every thing out of the cloſet. While they were doing this, Edmund ſhewed them the breaſt-plate all ſtained with blood; he then called to Joſeph:—Do you know whoſe was this ſuit of armour?—It was my Lord's, ſaid Joſeph; the late Lord Lovel; I have ſeen him wear it.

Edmund bade them bring ſhovels and remove the earth. While they were gone, he deſired Oſwald to repeat all that paſſed the night they ſat up together in that apartment, which

which he did till the ſervants returned. They threw out the earth, while the by-ſtanders in ſolemn ſilence waited the event. After ſome time and labour they ſtruck againſt ſomething. They proceeded till they diſcovered a large trunk, which, with great difficulty, they drew out. It had been corded round, but the cords were rotted to duſt. They opened it, and found a ſkeleton, which appeared to have been tied neck and heels together, and forced into the trunk.—Behold, ſaid Edmund, the bones of him to whom I owe my birth! The prieſt from Lord Graham's advanced.—This is undoubtedly the body of the Lord Lovel; I heard his kinſman confeſs the manner in which he was interred. Let this awful ſpectacle be a leſſon to all preſent, that though wickedneſs may triumph for a ſeaſon, a day of retribution will come! Oſwald exclaimed, —Behold the day of retribution! of triumph to the innocent, of ſhame and confuſion to the wicked.

The young gentlemen declared that Edmund had made good his aſſertions; what then, ſaid they, remains? I propoſe, ſaid Lord Graham's prieſt, that an account be written of this diſcovery, and ſigned by all the



J. Chapman sc.

— "Behold, said S. Edmund, the lovers of them to whom I owe my birth!" — page 111.

the witneſſes preſent; that an atteſted copy be left in the hands of this gentleman, and the original be ſent to the Barons and Sir Philip Harclay, to convince them of the truth of it.

Mr. Clifford then deſired Edmund to proceed in his own way.—The firſt thing I propoſe to do, ſaid he, is to have a coffin made for theſe honoured remains; I truſt to find the bones of my other parent, and to inter them all together in conſecrated ground. Unfortunate pair! you ſhall at laſt reſt together! your ſon ſhall pay the laſt duties to your aſhes! He ſtopped to ſhed tears, and none preſent but paid this tribute to their misfortunes. Edmund recovered his voice and proceeded—My next requeſt is, that father Oſwald and this reverend father, with whoever elſe the gentlemen ſhall appoint, will ſend for Andrew and Margery Twyford, and examine them concerning the circumſtances of my birth, and the death and burial of my unfortunate mother.—It ſhall be done, ſaid Mr. William; but firſt let me entreat you to come with me and take ſome refreſhment after your journey, for you muſt be fatigued: after dinner we will proceed in the inquiry.

They

They all followed him into the great hall, where they were entertained with great hoſpitality, and Mr. William did the honours in his father's name. Edmund's heart was deeply affected, and the ſolemnity of his deportment bore witneſs to his ſincerity; but it was a manly ſorrow, that did not make him neglect his duty to his friends or himſelf. He inquired after the health of the Lady Emma. —She is well, ſaid William, and as much your friend as ever. Edmund bowed in ſilence.

After dinner the commiſſioners ſent for Andrew and his wife. They examined them ſeparately, and found their accounts agreed together, and were in ſubſtance the ſame as Oſwald and Edmund had before related, ſeparately alſo. The commiſſioners obſerved, that there could be no colluſion between them, and that the proofs were indiſputable. They kept the foſter parents all night; and the next day Andrew directed them to the place where the Lady Lovel was buried, between two trees which he had marked for a memorial. They collected the bones and carried them to the caſtle, where Edmund cauſed a ſtately coffin to be made for the remains of the

the unfortunate pair. The two prieſts obtained leave to look into the coffin buried in the church, and found nothing but ſtones and earth in it. The commiſſioners then declared they were fully ſatisfied of the reality of Edmund's pretenſions.

The two prieſts were employed in drawing up a circumſtantial account of theſe diſcoveries, in order to make their report to the Barons at their return. In the mean time Mr. William took an opportunity to introduce Edmund to his ſiſter.—My Emma, ſaid he, the heir of Lovel is deſirous to pay his reſpects to you. They were both in apparent confuſion; but Edmund's wore off, and Emma's increaſed.—I have been long deſirous, ſaid he, to pay my reſpects to the Lady whom I moſt honour, but unavoidable duties have detained me; when theſe are fully paid, it is my wiſh to devote the remainder of my life to Lady Emma!—Are you, then, the heir of Lovel?—I am, Madam; and am alſo the man in whoſe behalf I once preſumed to ſpeak.—'Tis very ſtrange indeed!—It is ſo, Madam, to myſelf; but time, that reconciles us to all things, will, I hope, render this change in my ſituation familiar to you. William ſaid,

—You

—You are both well acquainted with the wiſhes of my heart; but my advice is, that you do not encourage a farther intimacy till my Lord's determination be fully known.—You may diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe, ſaid Edmund; but I cannot help declaring my wiſhes; yet I will ſubmit to my Lord's ſentence, though he ſhould doom me to deſpair.

From this period, the young pair behaved with ſolemn reſpect to each other, but with apparent reſerve. The young Lady ſometimes appeared in company, but oftener choſe to be in her own apartment, where ſhe began to believe and hope for the completion of her wiſhes. The uncertainty of the Baron's determination threw an air of anxiety over Edmund's face: his friend William, by the moſt tender care and attention, ſtrove to diſpel his fears, and encourage his hopes; but he waited with impatience for the return of the commiſſioners, and the deciſion of his fate.

While theſe things paſſed at the caſtle of Lovel, the nominal Baron recovered his health and ſtrength at the houſe of Lord Clifford: In the ſame proportion he grew more and more ſhy and reſerved, avoided the company of his brother

brother and nephew, and was frequently ſhut up with his two ſervants. Sir Robert Fitz-Owen made ſeveral attempts to gain his confidence, but in vain; he was equally ſhy to him as the reſt. M. Zadiſky obſerved his motions with the penetration for which his countrymen have been diſtinguiſhed in all ages: He communicated his ſuſpicions to Sir Philip and the Barons, giving it as his opinion, that the criminal was meditating an eſcape. They aſked, what he thought was to be done? Zadiſky offered to watch him in turn with another perſon, and to lie in wait for him; he alſo propoſed, that horſes ſhould be kept in readineſs, and men to mount them, without knowledge of the ſervice they were to be employed in. The Barons agreed to leave the whole management of this affair to Zadiſky. He took his meaſures ſo well, that he intercepted the three fugitives in the fields adjoining to the houſe, and brought them all back priſoners. They confined them ſeparately, while the Lords and Gentlemen conſulted how to diſpoſe of them.

Sir Philip applied to Lord Fitz-Owen, who begged leave to be ſilent: I have nothing, ſaid he, to offe r in favour of this bad man; and I

cannot propoſe harſher meaſures with ſo near a relation. Zadiſky then begged to be heard. You can no longer have any reliance upon the word of a man who has forfeited all pretenſions to honour and ſincerity. I have long wiſhed to reviſit once more my native country, and to enquire after ſome very dear friends I left there; I will undertake to convey this man to a very diſtant part of the world, where it will be out of his power to do further miſchief, and free his relations from an ungrateful charge, unleſs you ſhould rather chuſe to bring him to puniſhment here. Lord Clifford approved of the propoſal; Lord Fitz-Owen remained ſilent, but ſhewed no marks of diſapprobation.

Sir Philip objected to parting with his friend; but Zadiſky aſſured him he had particular reaſons for returning to the Holy Land, of which he ſhould be judge hereafter. Sir Philip deſired the Lord Fitz-Owen to give him his company to the criminal's apartment, ſaying, we will have one more converſation with him, and that ſhall decide his fate. They found him ſilent and ſullen, and he refuſed to anſwer their queſtions.—Sir Philip then beſpoke him—After the proofs you have given

given of your falſehood and inſincerity, we can no longer have any reliance upon you, nor faith in your fulfilling the conditions of our agreement; I will, therefore, once more make you a propoſal that ſhall ſtill leave you indebted to our clemency. You ſhall baniſh yourſelf from England for ever, and go in pilgrimage to the Holy Land, with ſuch companions as we ſhall appoint; or, ſecondly, you ſhall enter directly into a monaſtery, and there be ſhut up for life; or thirdly, if you refuſe both theſe offers, I will go directly to Court, throw myſelf at the feet of my Sovereign, relate the whole ſtory of your wicked life and actions, and demand vengeance on your head. The King is too good and pious to let ſuch villainy go unpuniſhed; he will bring you to public ſhame and puniſhment: And be you aſſured, if I begin this proſecution, I will purſue it to the utmoſt. I appeal to your worthy brother for the juſtice of my proceeding. I reaſon no more with you, I only declare my reſolution. I wait your anſwer one hour, and the next I put in execution whatever you ſhall oblige me to determine. So ſaying, they retired, and left him to reflect and to reſolve. At the expi-

ration of the hour they ſent Zadiſky to receive his anſwer; he inſinuated to him the generoſity and charity of Sir Philip and the Lords, and the certainty of their reſolutions, and begged him to take care what anſwer he returned, for that his fate depended on it. He kept ſilent ſeveral minutes, reſentment and deſpair were painted on his viſage; at length he ſpoke:

Tell my proud enemies that I prefer baniſhment to death, infamy, or a life of ſolitude. You have choſen well, ſaid Zadiſky. To a wiſe man all countries are alike; it ſhall be my care to make mine agreeable to you.—Are you then the perſon choſen for my companion?—I am, Sir; and you may judge by that circumſtance, that thoſe whom you call your enemies, are not ſo in effect. Farewell, Sir; I go to prepare for our departure.

Zadiſky went and made his report, and then ſet immediately about his preparations. He choſe two active young men for his attendants; and gave them directions to keep a ſtrict eye upon their charge, for that they ſhould be accountable if he ſhould eſcape them.

In

In the mean time the Baron Fitz-Owen had ſeveral conferences with his brother: he endeavoured to make him ſenſible of his crimes, and of the juſtice and clemency of his conqueror; but he was moody and reſerved to him as to the reſt. Sir Philip Harclay obliged him to ſurrender his worldly eſtates into the hands of Lord Fitz-Owen: A writing was drawn up for that purpoſe, and executed in the preſence of them all. Lord Fitz-Owen engaged to allow him an annual ſum, and to advance money for the expences of his voyage. He ſpoke to him in the moſt affectionate manner, but he refuſed his embrace:—You will have nothing to regret, ſaid he, haughtily; for the gain is yours. Sir Philip conjured Zadiſky to return to him again; who anſwered,—I will either return, or give ſuch reaſons for my ſtay, as you ſhall approve. I will ſend a meſſenger to acquaint you with my arrival in Syria, and with ſuch other particulars as I ſhall judge intereſting to you and yours. In the mean time remember me in your prayers, and preſerve for me thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip and eſteem, that I have always deemed one of the chief honours and bleſſings of my life.—Commend

my love and duty to your adopted ſon; he will more than ſupply my abſence, and be the comfort of your old age. Adieu, beſt and nobleſt of friends!—They took a tender leave of each other, not without tears on both ſides.

The travellers ſet out directly for a diſtant ſea-port, where they heard of a ſhip bound for the Levant, in which they embarked and proceeded on their voyage.

The Commiſſioners arrived at Lord Clifford's a few days after the departure of the adventurers. They gave a minute account of their commiſſion, and expreſſed themſelves entirely ſatisfied of the juſtice of Edmund's pretenſions; they gave an account in writing of all that they had been eye-witneſſes to, and ventured to urge the Baron Fitz-Owen on the ſubject of Edmund's wiſhes. The Baron was already diſpoſed in his favour; his mind was employed in the future eſtabliſhment of his family. During their reſidence at Lord Clifford's, his eldeſt ſon Sir Robert had caſt his eye upon the eldeſt daughter of that nobleman, and he beſought his father to aſk her in marriage for him. The Baron was pleaſed with the alliance, and took the firſt opportu-

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nity to mention it to Lord Clifford; who anſwered him pleaſantly—I will give my daughter to your ſon, upon condition that you will give yours to the heir of Lovel. The Baron looked ſerious: Lord Clifford went on —I like that young man ſo well, that I would accept him for a ſon-in-law, if he aſked me for my daughter; and if I have any influence with you, I will uſe it in his behalf.—A powerful ſolicitor indeed! ſaid the Baron; but you know my eldeſt ſon's reluctance to it; if he conſents, ſo will I.—He ſhall conſent, ſaid Lord Clifford, or he ſhall have no daughter of mine. Let him ſubdue his prejudices, and then I will lay aſide my ſcruples, —But, my Lord, replied the Baron, if I can obtain his free conſent, it will be the beſt for all: I will try once more, and if he will not, I will leave it wholly to your management.

When the noble company were all aſſembled, Sir Philip Harclay revived the ſubject, and beſought the Lord Fitz-Owen to put an end to the work he had begun, by confirming Edmund's happineſs. The Baron roſe up, and thus ſpoke:—The proofs of Edmund's noble birth, the ſtill ſtronger ones of his excellent endowments and qualities, the

ſolicitations of ſo many noble friends in his behalf, have altogether determined me in his favour; and I hope to do juſtice to his merit, without detriment to my other children: I am reſolved to make them all as happy as my power will allow me to do. Lord Clifford has been ſo gracious to promiſe his fair daughter to my ſon Robert, upon certain conditions, that I will take upon me to ratify, and which will render my ſon worthy of the happineſs that awaits him. My children are the undoubted heirs of my unhappy brother, Lovel; you, my ſon, ſhall therefore immediately take poſſeſſion of your uncle's houſe and eſtate, only obliging you to pay to each of your younger brothers the ſum of one thouſand pounds; on this condition, I will ſecure that eſtate to you and your heirs for ever. I will, by my own act and deed, ſurrender the caſtle and eſtate of Lovel to the right owner, and at the ſame time marry him to my daughter. I will ſettle a proper allowance upon my two younger ſons, and diſpoſe of what remains by a will and teſtament; and then I ſhall have done all my buſineſs in this world, and ſhall have nothing to do but prepare for the next.

Oh,

Oh, my father! ſaid Sir Robert, I cannot bear your generoſity; you would give away all to others, and reſerve nothing for yourſelf. —Not ſo, my ſon, ſaid the Baron: I will repair my old caſtle in Wales, and reſide there. I will viſit my children, and be viſited by them: I will enjoy their happineſs, and by that means increaſe my own; whether I look backwards or forwards, I ſhall have nothing to do but rejoice, and be thankful to Heaven that has given me ſo many bleſſings; I ſhall have the comfortable reflection of having diſcharged my duties as a citizen, a huſband, a father, a friend; and, whenever I am ſummoned away from this world, I ſhall die content.

Sir Robert came forward with tears on his cheeks; he kneeled to his father.—Beſt of parents, and of men! ſaid he; you have ſubdued a heart that has been too refractory to your will: you have this day made me ſenſible how much I owe to your goodneſs and forbearance with me. Forgive me all that is paſt, and from henceforward diſpoſe of me; I will have no will but yours, no ambition but to be worthy of the name of your ſon.— And this day, ſaid the Baron, do I enjoy the

true happineſs of a father! Riſe, my ſon, and take poſſeſſion of the firſt place in my affection without reſerve. They embraced with tears on both ſides: The company roſe, and congratulated both father and ſon. The Baron preſented his ſon to Lord Clifford, who embraced him, and ſaid—You ſhall have my daughter, for I ſee that you deſerve her.

Sir Philip Harclay approached; the Baron gave his ſon's hand to the Knight:—Love and reſpect that good man, ſaid he; deſerve his friendſhip, and you will obtain it. Nothing but congratulations were heard on all ſides.

When the joy was in ſome degree reduced to compoſure, Sir Philip propoſed that they ſhould begin to execute the ſchemes of happineſs they had planned. He propoſed that my Lord Fitz-Owen ſhould go with him to the caſtle of Lovel, and ſettle the family there. The Baron conſented; and both together invited ſuch of the company, as liked it, to accompany them thither. It was agreed that a nephew of Lord Graham's, another of Lord Clifford's, two gentlemen, friends of Sir Philip Harclay, and father Oſwald, ſhould be of the party; together with ſeveral of Sir Philip's

Philip's dependants and domeſtics, and the attendants on the reſt. Lord Fitz-Owen gave orders for their ſpeedy departure. Lord Graham and his friends took leave of them, in order to return to his own home; but, before he went, he engaged his eldeſt nephew and heir to the ſecond daughter of the Lord Clifford: Sir Robert offered himſelf to the eldeſt, who modeſtly received his addreſs, and made no objection to his propoſal. The fathers confirmed their engagement.

Lord Fitz-Owen promiſed to return to the celebration of the marriage; in the mean time he ordered his ſon to go and take poſſeſſion of his uncle's houſe, and to ſettle his houſehold: He invited young Clifford, and ſome other gentlemen, to go with him. The company ſeparated with regret, and with many promiſes of friendſhip on all ſides; and the gentlemen of the North were to cultivate the good neighbourhood on both ſides of the borders.

Sir Philip Harclay and the Baron Fitz-Owen, with their friends and attendants, ſet forwards for the caſtle of Lovel; a ſervant went before, at full ſpeed, to acquaint the family of their approach. Edmund was in

great anxiety of mind, now the criſis of his fate was near at hand: He enquired of the meſſenger, who were of the party? and finding that Sir Philip Harclay was there, and that Sir Robert Fitz-Owen ſtaid in the North, his hopes roſe above his fears. Mr. William, attended by a ſervant, rode forward to meet them; he deſired Edmund to ſtay and receive them. Edmund was under ſome difficulty with regard to his behaviour to the lovely Emma; a thouſand times his heart roſe to his lips, as often he ſuppreſſed his emotions; they both ſighed frequently, ſaid little, thought much, and wiſhed for the event. Maſter Walter was too young to partake of their anxieties, but he wiſhed for the arrival of his father to end them.

Mr. William's impatience ſpurred him on to meet his father; as ſoon as he ſaw him, he rode up directly to him: My dear father, you are welcome home! ſaid he.—I think not, Sir, ſaid the Baron, and looked ſerious.—Why ſo, my Lord? ſaid William.—Becauſe it is no longer mine, but another man's home, anſwered he, and I muſt receive my welcome from him.—meaning Edmund? ſaid William.—Whom elſe can it be?—Ah, my Lord!

Lord! he is your creature, your ſervant: he puts his fate into your hands, and will ſubmit to your pleaſure in all things!—Why comes he not to meet us? ſaid the Baron.—His fears prevent him, ſaid William; but ſpeak the word, and I will fetch him.—No, ſaid the Baron, we will wait on him.—William looked confuſed: Is Edmund ſo unfortunate, ſaid he, as to have incurred your diſpleaſure? Sir Philip Harclay advanced, and laid his hand on William's ſaddle.—Generous impatience! noble youth! ſaid he; look round you, and ſee if you can diſcover in this company one enemy of your friend! Leave to your excellent father the time and manner of explaining himſelf; he only can do juſtice to his own ſentiments. The Baron ſmiled on Sir Philip: William's countenance cleared up; they went forward, and ſoon arrived at the Caſtle of Lovel.

Edmund was walking to and fro in the hall, when he heard the horn that announced their arrival; his emotions were ſo great that he could hardly ſupport them. The Baron and Sir Philip entered the hall hand in hand; Edmund threw himſelf at their feet, and embraced their knees, but could not utter a word.

They

They raiſed him between them, and ſtrove to encourage him: but he threw himſelf into the arms of Sir Philip Harclay, deprived of ſtrength, and almoſt of life. They ſupported him to a ſeat, where he recovered by degrees, but had no power to ſpeak his feelings; he looked up to his benefactors in the moſt affecting manner, he laid his hand upon his boſom, but was ſtill ſilent. Compoſe yourſelf, my dear ſon, ſaid Sir Philip; you are in the arms of your beſt friends. Look up to the happineſs that awaits you; enjoy the bleſſings that Heaven ſends you; lift up your heart in gratitude to the Creator, and think leſs of what you owe to the creature! You will have time enough to pay us your acknowledgments hereafter.

The company came round them, the ſervants flocked into the hall, ſhouts of joy were heard on all ſides; the Baron came and took Edmund's hand: Riſe, Sir, ſaid he, and do the honours of your houſe! it is yours from this day: We are your gueſts, and expect from you our welcome! Edmund kneeled to the Baron, he ſpoke with a faultering voice— My Lord, I am yours! all that I have is at your devotion! diſpoſe of me as it pleaſes you beſt.

beſt. The Baron embraced him with the greateſt affection: Look round you, ſaid he, and ſalute your friends; theſe gentlemen came hither to do you honour. Edmund revived, he embraced and welcomed the gentlemen. Father Oſwald received his embrace with peculiar affection, and gave him his benediction in a moſt affecting manner. Edmund exclaimed—Pray for me, father! that I may bear all theſe bleſſings with gratitude and moderation! He then ſaluted and ſhook hands with all the ſervants, not omitting the meaneſt; he diſtinguiſhed Joſeph by a cordial embrace, he called him his dear friend: Now, ſaid he, I can return your friendſhip, and I am proud to acknowledge it! The old man, with a faultering voice, cried out—Now I have lived long enough! I have ſeen my maſter's ſon acknowledged for the heir of Lovel! the hall echoed with his words: Long live the heir of Lovel!

The Baron took Edmund's hands in his own: Let us retire from this crowd, ſaid he; we have buſineſs of a more private nature to tranſact. He led to the parlour, followed by Sir Philip and the other gentlemen. Where are my other children? ſaid he. William retired,

retired, and preſently returned with his brother and ſiſter. They kneeled to their father, who raiſed and embraced them.—He then called out, William!—Edmund!—come and receive my bleſſing alſo: They approached hand in hand, they kneeled and he gave them a ſolemn benediction—Your friendſhip deſerves our praiſe, my children; love each other always! and may Heaven pour down its choiceſt bleſſings upon your heads! They roſe and embraced in ſilent raptures of joy. Edmund preſented his friend to Sir Philip: I underſtand you, ſaid he; this Gentleman was my firſt acquaintance of this family, he has a title to the ſecond place in my heart: I ſhall tell him, at more leiſure, how much I love and honour him for his own ſake as well as yours. He embraced the youth, and deſired his friendſhip.

Come hither, my Emma! ſaid the Baron. She approached with tears on her cheek, ſweetly bluſhing, like the damaſk roſe, wet with the dew of the morning, I muſt aſk you a ſerious queſtion, my child; anſwer me with the ſame ſincerity you would to Heaven. You ſee this young man, the Heir of Lovel! You have known him long; conſult your own heart,

heart, and tell me whether you have any objection to receive him for your husband. I have promised to all this company to give you to him; but upon condition that you approve him: I think him worthy of you; and, whether you accept him or not, he shall ever be to me a son; but Heaven forbid that I should compel my child to give her hand where she cannot bestow her heart! Speak freely, and decide this point for me and for yourself. The fair Emma blushed, and was under some confusion; her virgin modesty prevented her speaking for some moments. Edmund trembled; he leaned upon William's shoulder to support himself. Emma cast her eye upon him, she saw his emotion, and hastened to relieve him; she thus spoke, in a soft voice which gathered strength as she proceeded—My Lord and father's goodness has always prevented my wishes; I am the happiest of all children, in being able to obey his commands, without offering violence to my own inclinations: As I am called upon in this public manner, it is but justice to this gentleman's merit to declare, that, were I at liberty to choose a husband from all the world, he only should be my choice, who, I can say,

with

with joy, is my father's alſo. Edmund bowed low, he advanced towards her; the Baron took his daughter's hand, and preſented it to him; he kneeled upon one knee, he took her hand, kiſſed it, and preſſed it to his boſom: The Baron embraced and bleſſed them; he preſented them to Sir Philip Harclay—Receive and acknowledge your children! ſaid he.—I do receive them as the gift of Heaven! ſaid the noble Knight; they are as much mine as if I had begotten them: All that I have is theirs, and ſhall deſcend to their children for ever. A freſh ſcene of congratulation enſued; and the hearts of all the auditors were too much engaged to be able ſoon to return to the eaſe and tranquility of common life.

After they had refreſhed themſelves, and recovered from the emotions they had ſuſtained on this intereſting occaſion, Edmund thus addreſſed the Baron:—On the brink of happineſs I muſt claim your attention to a melancholy ſubject. The bones of both my parents lie unburied in this houſe; permit me, my honoured Lord, to perform my laſt duties to them, and the remainder of my life ſhall be devoted to you and yours.—Certainly, ſaid the

the Baron! why have you not interred them? —My Lord, I waited for your arrival, that you might be certified of the reality, and that no doubts might remain.—I have no doubts, ſaid the Baron: Alas! both the crime and puniſhment of the offender leave no room for them!—He ſighed.—Let us now put an end to this affair; and, if poſſible, forget it for ever.

If it will not be too painful to you, my Lord, I would entreat you, with theſe gentlemen our friends, to follow me into the eaſt apartment, the ſcene of my parents' woes, and yet the dawning of my better hopes.

They roſe to attend him; he committed the Lady Emma to the care of her youngeſt brother, obſerving that the ſcene was too ſolemn for a Lady to be preſent at it. They proceeded to the apartment; he ſhewed the Baron the fatal cloſet, and the place where the bones were found, alſo the trunk that contained them; he recapitulated all that paſſed before their arrival; he ſhewed them the coffin where the bones of the unfortunate pair were depoſited: He then deſired the Baron to give orders for their interment. No, replied he, it belongs to you to order, and every one here

here is ready to perform it. Edmund then deſired father Oſwald to give notice to the Friars of the Monaſtery of St. Auſtin, that, with their permiſſion, the funeral ſhould be ſolemnized there, and the bones interred in the church. He alſo gave orders that the cloſet ſhould be floored, the apartment repaired, and put in order. He then returned to the other ſide of the Caſtle.

Preparations being made for the funeral, it was performed a few days after. Edmund attended in perſon as chief mourner, Sir Philip Harclay as the ſecond; Joſeph deſired he might aſſiſt as ſervant to the deceaſed: They were followed by moſt people of the village. The ſtory was now become public, and every one bleſſed Edmund for the piety and devotion with which he performed the laſt duties to his parents.—Edmund appeared in deep mourning; the week after he aſſiſted at a maſs for the repoſe of the deceaſed.

Sir Philip Harclay ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of his friends, with the following inſcription:

"Praye for the ſoules of Arthur Lord "Lovele and Marie his wife, who were cut "off in the flowere of theire youthe, by the "trecherye

"trecherye and crueltie of their neare "kinneſmanne. Edmund theire onlie ſonne, "one and twentie yeares after theire deathe, "by the direction of Heavene, made the diſ- "coverye of the mannere of theire deathe, "and at the ſame time proved his own birthe. "He collected theire bones together, and in- "terred them in this place:—A warning "and proofe to late poſteritie, of the juſ- "tice of Providence, and the certaintie of "Retribution."

The Sunday after the funeral, Edmund threw off his mourning, and appeared in a dreſs ſuitable to his condition. He received the compliments of his friends with eaſe and cheerfulneſs, and began to enjoy his happineſs. He aſked an audience of his fair Miſtreſs, and was permitted to declare the paſſion he had ſo long ſtifled in his own boſom. She gave him a favourable hearing, and in a ſhort time confeſſed that ſhe had ſuffered equally in that ſuſpence that was ſo grievous to him. They engaged themſelves by mutual vows to each other, and only waited the Baron's pleaſure to complete their happineſs; every cloud was vaniſhed from their brows, and ſweet tranquillity took poſſeſſion of their boſoms.

boſoms. Their friends ſhared their happineſs; William and Edmund renewed their vows of everlaſting friendſhip, and promiſed to be as much together as William's other duties would permit.

The Baron once more ſummoned all his company together; he told Edmund all that had paſſed relating to his brother-in-law, his exile, and the pilgrimage of Zadiſky; he then related the circumſtances of Sir Robert's engagement to Lord Clifford's daughter, his eſtabliſhment in his Uncle's ſeat, and his own obligations to return time enough to be preſent at the marriage: But before I go, ſaid he, I will give my daughter to the heir of Lovel, and then I ſhall have diſcharged my duty to him, and my promiſe to Sir Philip Harclay.

You have nobly performed both, ſaid Sir Philip, and whenever you depart I ſhall be your companion.—What, ſaid Edmund, am I to be deprived of both my fathers at once? My honoured Lord, you have given away two houſes, where do you intend to reſide?—No matter, ſaid the Baron; I know I ſhall be welcome to both.—My dear Lord, ſaid Edmund, ſtay here and be ſtill the Maſter; I ſhall be proud to be under your command,

and

and to be your ſervant as well as your ſon!—No, Edmund, ſaid the Baron, that would not now be proper; this is your Caſtle, you are its Lord and Maſter, and it is incumbent on you to ſhew yourſelf worthy of the great things Providence hath done for you.—How ſhall I, a young man, acquit myſelf of ſo many duties as will be upon me, without the advice and aſſiſtance of my two paternal friends? Oh, Sir Philip! will you too leave me? once you gave me hopes—he ſtopped, greatly affected. Sir Philip ſaid, Tell me truly, Edmund, do you really deſire that I ſhould live with you?—As truly, Sir, as I deſire life and happineſs!——Then, my dear child, I will live and die with you! They embraced with tears of affection, and Edmund was all joy and gratitude. My good Lord, ſaid Sir Philip, you have diſpoſed of two houſes, and have none ready to receive you; will you accept of mine? It is much at your ſervice, and its being in the ſame county with your eldeſt ſon, will be an inducement to you to reſide there. The Baron caught Sir Philip's hand—Noble Sir, I thank you, and I will embrace your kind offer; I will be your tenant for the preſent; my Caſtle

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in Wales ſhall be put in repair, in the mean time; if I do not reſide there, it will be an eſtabliſhment for one of my youngeſt ſons: But what will you do with your old ſoldiers and dependants?—My Lord, I will never caſt them off. There is another houſe on my eſtate that has been ſhut up many years; I will have it repaired and furniſhed properly for the reception of my old men: I will endow it with a certain ſum to be paid annually, and will appoint a ſteward to manage their revenue; I will continue it during the lives of the firſt inhabitants, and after that I ſhall leave it to my ſon here, to do as he pleaſes.—Your ſon, ſaid Edmund, will make it the buſineſs of his life to act worthy of ſuch a father. —Enough, ſaid Sir Philip, I am ſatisfied that you will. I propoſe to reſide myſelf in that very apartment which my dear friend your father inhabited; I will tread in his footſteps, and think he ſees me acting his part in his ſon's family. I will be attended by my own ſervants: and whenever you deſire it, I will give you my company; your joys, your griefs ſhall be mine, I ſhall hold your children in my arms, and their prattle ſhall amuſe my old age: And, as my laſt earthly wiſh, your

hands

hands ſhall cloſe my eyes.—Long, very long, ſaid Edmund (with eyes and hands lifted up) may it be ere I perform ſo ſad a duty!—Long and happily may you live together, ſaid the Baron! I will hope to ſee you ſometimes, and to claim a ſhare in your bleſſings. But let us give no more tears to ſorrow, the reſt ſhall be thoſe of joy and tranſport. The firſt ſtep we take ſhall be to marry our Edmund; I will give orders for the celebration, and they ſhall be the laſt orders I ſhall give in this houſe. They then ſeparated, and went to prepare for the approaching ſolemnity.

Sir Philip and the Baron had a private conference concerning Edmund's aſſuming the name and title of Lovel. I am reſolved, ſaid Sir Philip, to go to the King; to acquaint him briefly with Edmund's hiſtory; I will requeſt that he may be called up to parliament by a writ, for there is no need of a new patent, he being the true inheritor; in the mean time he hall aſſume the name, arms, and title, and I ill anſwer any one that ſhall diſpute his ght to them. Sir Philip then declared his ſolution to ſet out with the Baron at his departure, and to ſettle all his other affairs be-

fore he returned to take up his reſidence at the Caſtle.

A few days after, the marriage was celebrated to the entire ſatisfaction of all parties. The Baron ordered the doors to be thrown open, and the houſe free for all comers; with every other token of joy and feſtivity. Edmund appeared full of joy without levity, of mirth without extravagance; he received the congratulations of his friends, with eaſe, freedom, and vivacity. He ſent for his foſter father and mother, who began to think themſelves neglected, as he had been ſo deeply engaged in affairs of more conſequence, that he had not been particularly attentive to them; he made them come into the great hall, and preſented them to his Lady.

Theſe, ſaid he, are the good people to whom I am, under God, indebted for my preſent happineſs; they were my firſt benefactors; I was obliged to them for food and ſuſtenance in my childhood, and this good woman nouriſhed my infancy at her own breaſt. The Lady received them graciouſly, and ſaluted Margery. Andrew kneeled down, and, with great humility, begged Edmund's pardon for his treatment of him in his child-

hood.

hood. I heartily forgive you, ſaid he, and I will excuſe you to yourſelf; it was natural for you to look upon me as an intruder, that was eating your children's bread; you ſaved my life, and afterwards you ſuſtained it by your food and raiment: I ought to have maintained myſelf, and to have contributed to your maintenance. But, beſides this, your treatment of me was the firſt of my preferment; it recommended me to the notice of this noble family: Every thing that happened to me ſince, has been a ſtep to my preſent ſtate of honour and happineſs. Never man had ſo man benefactors as myſelf; but both they, and myſelf have been only inſtruments in the hands of Providence to bring about its own purpoſes: Let us praiſe God for all! I ſhared your poverty, and you will ſhare my riches; I will give you the cottage where you dwell, and the ground about it; I will alſo pay you the annual ſum of ten pounds for the lives of you both; I will put out your children to manual trades, and aſſiſt you to provide for them in their own ſtation; and you are to look upon this as paying a debt, and not beſtowing a gift: I owe you more than I can ever pay: and, if there be any thing fur-

ther in my power that will contribute to your happineſs, you can aſk nothing in reaſon that I will deny you.

Andrew hid his face: I cannot bear it! ſaid he; Oh what a brute was I, to abuſe ſuch a child as this! I ſhall never forgive myſelf! —You muſt indeed, my friend! for I forgive and thank you. Andrew retired back, but Margery came forward; ſhe looked earneſtly on Edmund, ſhe then threw her arms about his neck, and wept aloud—My precious child! my lovely babe! thank God, I have lived to ſee this day! I will rejoice in your good fortune, and your bounty to us, but I muſt aſk one more favour yet; that I may ſometimes come hither and behold that gracious countenance, and thank God that I was honoured ſo far as to give thee food from my own breaſt, and to bring thee up to be a bleſſing to me, and to all that know thee! Edmund was affected, he returned her embrace; he bade her come to the Caſtle as often as ſhe pleaſed; and ſhe ſhould always be received as his mother; the bride ſaluted her, and told her the oftener ſhe came, the more welcome ſhe ſhould be. Margery and her huſband

band retired, full of bleſſings and prayers for their happineſs; ſhe gave vent to her joy, by relating to the ſervants and neighbours every circumſtance of Edmund's birth, infancy, and childhood: Many a tear was dropped by the auditors, and many a prayer wafted to Heaven for his happineſs. Joſeph took up the ſtory where ſhe left it; he told the riſing dawn of youth and virtue, darting its rays through the clouds of obſcurity, and how every ſtroke of envy and malignity bruſhed away ſome part of the darkneſs that veiled its luſtre: He told the ſtory of the haunted apartment, and all the conſequences of it; how he and Oſwald conveyed the youth away from the Caſtle, no more to return till he came as maſter of it: He cloſed the tale with praiſe to Heaven for the happy diſcovery, that gave ſuch an heir to the houſe of Lovel; to his dependents ſuch a Lord and Maſter; to mankind a friend and benefactor. There was truly a houſe of joy; not that falſe kind, in the midſt of which there is heavineſs, but that of rational creatures, grateful to the ſupreme Benefactor, raiſing their minds, by a due enjoyment of earthly bleſſings, to a preparation for a more perfect ſtate hereafter.

A few days after the wedding, the Lord Fitz-Owen began to prepare for his journey to the north. He gave to Edmund the plate, linen, and furniture of the Caſtle, the farming ſtock and utenſils; he would have added a ſum of money, but Sir Philip ſtopped his hand: We do not forget, ſaid he, that you have other children, we will not ſuffer you to injure them; give us your bleſſing and paternal affection, and we have nothing more to aſk: I told you, my Lord, that you and I ſhould one day be ſincere friends.—We muſt be ſo, anſwered the Baron; it is impoſſible to be long your enemy: We are brothers, and ſhall be to our lives end.

They regulated the young man's houſhold; the Baron gave leave to his ſervants to chooſe their maſter; the elder ones followed him (except Joſeph, who deſired to live with Edmund, as the chief happineſs of his life); moſt of the younger ones choſe the ſervice of the youthful pair. There was a tender and affectionate parting on all ſides. Edmund beſought his beloved William not to leave him. The Baron ſaid, he muſt inſiſt on his being at his brother's wedding, as a due attention

tention to him; but after that he ſhould return to the Caſtle for ſome time.

The Baron and Sir Philip Harclay, with their train, ſet forward. Sir Philip went to London, and obtained all he deſired for his Edmund; from thence he went into Yorkſhire, and ſettled his affairs there, removing his penſioners to his other houſe, and putting Lord Fitz-Owen in poſſeſſion of his own. They had a generous contention about the terms; but Sir Philip inſiſted on the Baron's accepting the uſe of every thing there: You hold it in truſt for a future grandchild, ſaid he, whom I hope to live to endow with it.

During Sir Philip's abſence, the young Lord Lovel cauſed the haunted apartment to be repaired and furniſhed for the reception of his father by adoption. He placed his friend Joſeph over all his men ſervants, and ordered him to forbear his attendance; but the old man would always ſtand at the ſide-board, and feaſt his eyes with the countenance of his own Maſter's ſon, ſurrounded with honour and happineſs. John Wyatt waited upon the perſon of his Lord, and enjoyed his favour without abatement. Mr. William Fitz-Owen accompanied Sir Philip Harclay from the

the north country, when he returned to take up his reſidence at the Caſtle of Lovel.

Edmund, in the arms of love and friendſhip, enjoyed with true reliſh the bleſſings that ſurrounded him, with an heart overflowing with benevolence to his fellow-creatures, and raptures of gratitude to his Creator. His Lady and himſelf were examples of conjugal affection and happineſs. Within a year from his marriage ſhe brought him a ſon and heir, whoſe birth renewed the joy and congratulations of all his friends: The Baron Fitz-Owen came to the baptiſm, and partook of his children's bleſſings. The child was called Arthur, after the name of its grandfather.

The year following was born a ſecond ſon, who was called Philip Harclay; upon him the noble Knight of that name ſettled his eſtate in Yorkſhire; and by the King's permiſſion, he took the name and arms of that family.

The third ſon was called William; he inherited the fortune of his uncle of that name, who adopted him, and he made the Caſtle of Lovel his reſidence, and died a batchelor.

The fourth ſon was called Edmund; the fifth Owen; and there was alſo a daughter called Emma.

When

When time had worn out the prejudices of Sir Robert Fitz-Owen, the good old Baron of that name propoſed a marriage between his eldeſt ſon and heir, and the daughter of Edmund Lord Lovel, which was happily concluded. The nuptials were honoured with the preſence of both families; and the Old Baron was ſo elevated with this happy union of his deſcendants, that he cried out—Now I am ready to die! I have lived long enough! this is the band of love that unites all my children to me, and to each other! He did not long ſurvive this happy event; he died full of years and honours, and his name was never mentioned but with the deepeſt marks of gratitude, love, and veneration. Sweet is the remembrance of the virtuous, and happy are the deſcendants of ſuch a father! they will think on him; and emulate his virtues; they will remember him, and be aſhamed to degenerate from their anceſtor.

Many years after Sir Philip Harclay ſettled at the Caſtle, he received tidings from his friend Zadiſky, by one of the two ſervants who attended him to the Holy Land. From him he learned that his friend had diſcovered, by private advices, that he had a ſon living in Paleſtine,

Paleſtine, which was the chief motive of his leaving England; that he had met with various adventures in purſuit of him; that at length he found him, converted him to the Chriſtian religion, and then perſuaded him to retire from the world into a monaſtery by the ſide of mount Libanus, where he intended to end his days.

That Walter, commonly called Lord Lovel, had entered into the ſervice of the Greek Emperor, John Paleologus, not bearing to undergo a life of ſolitude and retirement; that he made up a ſtory of his being compelled to leave his native country by his relations, for having accidentally killed one of them, and that he was treated with great cruelty and injuſtice; that he had accepted a poſt in the emperor's army, and was ſoon after married to the daughter of one of the chief officers of it.

Zadiſky foreſaw, and lamented the downfall of that empire, and withdrew from the ſtorm he ſaw approaching. Finally, he bade the meſſenger tell Sir Philip Harclay and his adopted ſon, that he ſhould not ceaſe to pray for them, and deſired their prayers in return.

Sir

Sir Philip desired Lord Lovel to entertain this messenger in his service. That good Knight lived to extreme old age in honour and happiness, and died in the arms of his beloved Edmund; who also performed the last duties to his faithful Joseph.

Father Oswald lived many years in the family as chaplain; he retired from thence at length, and died in his own monastery.

Edmund Lord Lovel lived to old age, in peace, honour, and happiness; and died in the arms of his children.

Sir Philip Harclay caused the papers relating to his son's history to be collected together; the first part of it was written under his own eye in Yorkshire, the subsequent parts by father Oswald at the Castle of Lovel. All these, when together, furnish a striking lesson to posterity, of the overruling hand of Providence, and the certainty of RETRIBUTION.

FINIS.

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